

SONGS OF THE
AVERAGE MAN
SAM WALTER FOSS

BATES COLLEGE LIBRARY

LEWISTON, MAINE

PRESENTED BY

ESTATE OF
CLARENCE C. SMITH, 1888

WITHDRAWN
BATES COLLEGE
LIBRARY STORAGE



SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN

BOOKS BY SAM WALTER FOSS

Back Country Poems

With 12 Full-page Illustrations. Cloth.

Whiffs from Wild Meadows

Fully Illustrated. Cloth.

Dreams in Homespun

Cloth.

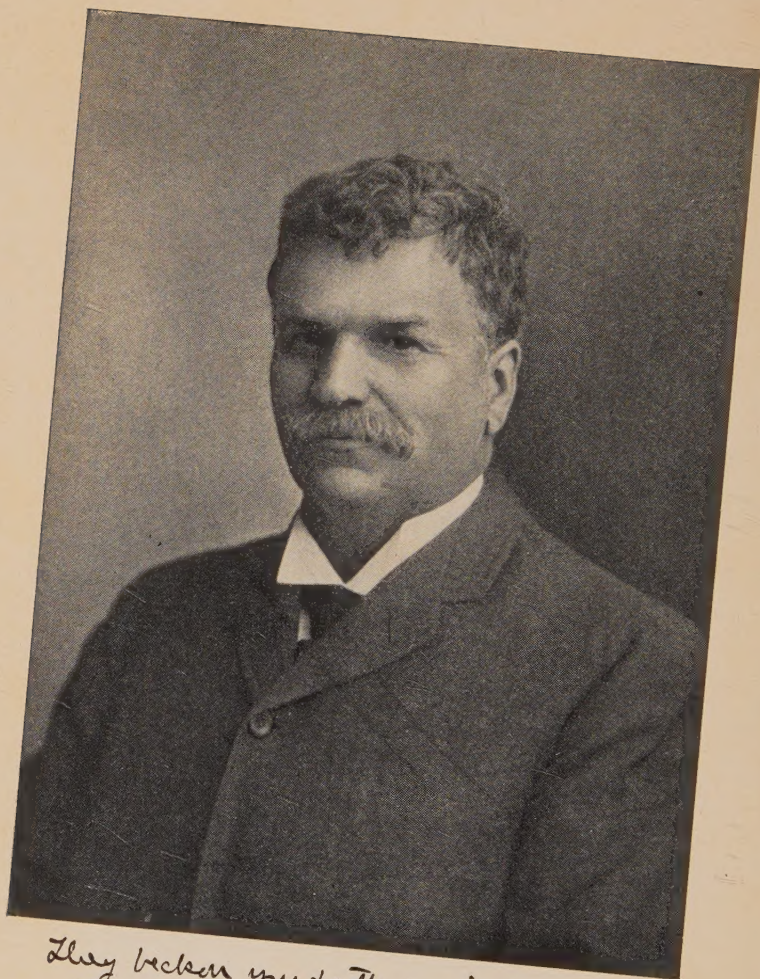
Songs of War and Peace

Cloth.

Songs of the Average Man

Illustrated. Cloth.

Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston



They beckon you forth to wide spaces,
To a lifted and far-shining goal,
To a new federation of races
And a fatherland fit for the soul
Sam Walter Foss

SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN

BY

SAM WALTER FOSS

AUTHOR OF "BACK COUNTRY POEMS," "WHIFFS FROM
WILD MEADOWS," "DREAMS IN HOMESPUN," AND
"SONGS OF WAR AND PEACE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MERLE JOHNSON



BOSTON

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

100212

PUBLISHED, AUGUST, 1907.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

All Rights Reserved.

SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To
THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER

LET me cry when there's no help for crying
And dance when the dancers spin;
And join in the selling and buying,
And laugh where the laugh comes in.
Let me mix with the short men and tall men,
With brain men and brawn men be free,
And knowing forever that all men
Are good-enough fellows like me.

Let me mix with these good-enough fellows,
For they stretch from the Pole to the Pole,
And the blacks, and the browns, and the yellows
Are all fairly white in the soul.
Though some men are better than some men,
And some men are wiser than some,
The numb men, in time, may become men
As proper as men may become.

For we know that the perfect and proper
May grow from the dirt of the dump,
And Destiny grinds from her hopper
Some very good stuff in the lump.

For the world has a knack for advancing, —
'Tis the chrysalis habit to burst;
Though the First shall be Last, 'tis entrancing
To know that the Last shall be First.

Oh, we know that 'twixt here and Australia
Are promiscuous souls not a few,
But none who is more of a failure,
And none who is better than you.
And we know that 'twixt here and New Guinea
Are various men, low and high,
But none who is more of a ninny
Or more of a wonder than I.

So I mix with the good men and bad men,
Who are much the same fellows as I,
And I find they are glad men and sad men,
But men it is good to get nigh.
Let me cry when there's no help for crying
And dance when the dancers spin,
And join in the selling and buying
And laugh where the laugh comes in.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BUSINESS	15
THE HIGHER FELLOWSHIP	19
JIM PETTIGREW'S BIG-HEADED BOY.	22
A MASTERPIECE OF PRAYER	25
TWO GODS	28
HIMSELFING	30
LARGE ETERNAL FELLOWS	32
THE POSTER-PAINTER'S MASTERPIECE	35
THE CREEDLESS LOVE	37
THE NOVELIST	39
THE LOGIC OF THE GUN	41
JED FULLER'S STONE WALL	43
THE HIGHER CATECHISM	46
STAY THOU IN THY SKULL AND FEAR NOT	52
THE FIRM OF GRIN AND BARRETT	54
I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN	56
REST AND WORK	58
MODERN REFORMERS	59
SENCE MARY JINED THE CLUB	61
THE MAN FROM THE CROWD	65
ELDER FORD'S TWO CANDIDATES	67
THE TURN OF THE ROAD	69
A SAILOR OF SEAS	71
THE SONG OF THE WATER TOWER	75

	PAGE
A MISFIT HALO	77
THE PESSIMIST FIREFLY	79
THE NEW JOURNALISM	81
WHEN THE OLD CLOCK STRIKES THIRTEEN	83
MEHITABLE	85
THE COMING WAR	89
THE DEEP-DOWN THINGS	92
THE SONG OF THE WHEEL	94
THE HIGHER PIONEERING	96
TOIL'S SWEET CONTENT	99
YOUR GIRL AND MY BOY	102
A THANKSGIVING-DAY SONG	104
THE PERSEVERANCE OF JACOB BEAN	106
THE GROWTH OF THE CRITIC	109
FROM BUTTE TO BOSTON	111
THE COSMIC WAY	113
THE SAVING SALT	114
A RAILROAD SONG	115
A LIFE	117
WHEN BENJY PLAYED THE FIDDLE	118
"IT"	121
MY HOUSE IN THE AIR	122
IF A MAN COULD BE BORN WHEN HE'S OLD	124
THE LAST OF A LINE	126
WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO LIVE SALUTE YOU	129
THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK	131
HOW'S THE WORLD TO-DAY?	133
A TOMB OF A PROPHET	135

CONTENTS

II

POEMS FOR OCCASIONS

	PAGE
THE SONG OF THE LIBRARY STAFF	140
THE WORLD-CLEANERS	146
ODE	150
MONTANA	153
LINES	155
THE FLAG OF PROSPECT HILL	157
LINES	161
THE QUARTER-CENTURY GRADUATE	165
WHERE'S THE BABY?	169
THE HALF-MAN AND THE WHOLE-MAN	176
JAMESTOWN	179

POEMS ADDED IN 1911

BE STRONG	185
THE CLUB	187
THE HISTORIAN OF LOWER POKUMVILLE	189
A CHILD'S PROGRESSIVE THEOLOGY]	192
THE DETERIORATION OF ELDER BUNCE	193
THE COMING CENTURY	196
A SONG OF THANKSGIVING	198
THE TRUMPETS	200

ILLUSTRATIONS

SAM WALTER FORD (*From His Last Photograph*) Frontispiece

FACING PAGE

IT WAREN'T TEN WEEKS FOR NOTHIN' I'D REHEARSED IT
IN THE BARN 26

FOR I JEST SOAK IN LITERACHER SENCE MAEY JINED
THE CLUB 64

"HURRY UP AND SELIT THE KINDLINGS," SAID HIS WIFE 89

I KNOW THEY STOPPED AN' LISTENED, . . . WHEN WE
SHASHAYED DOWN THE MIDDLE AN' OL' BENJY
PLAYED THE FIDDLE . . . AT OUR OL' SHAKEDOWNS 118

SEE THE CATALOGUER IN THE ACT OF CATALOGUING . 140

SEE THE REFERENCE LIBRARIAN AND THE JOYS THAT
APPERTAIN TO HER 141

SEE THE CHILDREN'S GAY LIBRARIAN! 142

SEE THE GLEEFUL DESK ATTENDANT 143

SING, O MUSE! THE HEAD LIBRARIAN. . . . 144

SONGS OF THE AVERAGE MAN

BUSINESS

"How is business?" asks the young man of the Spirit
of the Years;

"Tell me of the modern output from the factories
of fate,

And what jobs are waiting for me, waiting for me and
my peers.

What's the outlook? What's the prospect? Are
the wages small or great?"

"Business growing, more men needed," says the Spirit
of the Years,

"Jobs are waiting for right workmen, — and I hope
you are the men, —

Grand hard work and ample wages, work piled up
in great arrears —

'Don't see any job particular?' Listen, and I'll
tell you, then.

"There are commonwealths to govern, there are
senates to be swayed,

There are new States still undreamed of to be
founded,

New empires in far oceans to be moulded — who's afraid? —

And a couple polar oceans to be sounded.

Come, ye jolly empire-builders, here is work for you to do,

And we don't propose to get along without it.

Here's the little job of building this old planet over new,

And it's time to do the business. Get about it.

"Get to work, ye world-repairers. Steer the age and guide the years,

Shame the antique men with bigness of your own;
Grow ye larger men than Plutarch's and the old long-whiskered seers;

Show the world a million kings without a throne.

'What's your business?' Empire-building, founding hierarchies for the soul,

Principalities and powers for the mind,
Bringing ever-narrowing chaos under cosmical control,
Building highways through its marsh-lands for mankind.

"Sow the lonely plains with cities; thread the flowerless land with streams;

Go to thinking thoughts unthought-of, following where your genius leads,
Seeing visions, hearing voices, following stars, and dreaming dreams,

And then bid your dreams and visions bloom and flower into deeds.

'What's your business?' Shaping eras, making
epochs, building States,
Wakening slumbering rebellions in the soul,
Leading men and founding systems, grappling with
the elder fates
Till the younger fates shall greaten and assume the
old control.

"'Business rushing?' Fairly lively. There's a world
to clean and sweep,
Cluttered up with wars and armies; 'tis your work
to brush 'em out;
Bid the fierce clinch-fisted nations clasp their hands
across the deep;
Wipe the tired world of armies; 'tis a fair day's
work, no doubt.
'Business rushing?' Something doing. You've a
contract on your hands
To wipe out the world's distinctions, — country,
color, caste, and birth, —
And to make one human family of a thousand alien lands,
Nourishing a billion brothers with no foreigner on
earth.

"Have you learned yet," says the Zeitgeist, "the old
secret of the soul?
Make the sleepy sphinx give answer, for her riddle's
long unguessed.
Tell the riddle; clear the mystery; bid the midnight
dark uproll;

Let the thought with which the ages long have
travailed be expressed.

Go and find the Northwest Passage through the far
seas of the mind, —

There, where man and God are mingled in the
darkness, go and learn.

Sail forth on that bournless ocean, shrouded, chartless,
undefined:

Pluck its mystery from that darkness; pluck its
mystery, and return.

“‘What’s your business?’ Finding out things that
no other man could find, —

Things concealed by jealous Nature under locks,
behind the bars;

Building paved and guttered highways for the onward
march of mind

Through the spaces ’twixt the planets to the secrets
of the stars.

‘What’s your business?’ Think like Plato, — he did
not exhaust all thought;

Preach like old Savonarola; rule like Alfred; do
not shirk;

Paint like Raphael and Titian; build like Angelo —
why not?

Sing like Shakespeare. ‘How is business?’ Rather
lively. Get to work!”

THE HIGHER FELLOWSHIP

ARE you one of my gang?
Yes, you're one of my gang.
The same job is yours and mine
To fix up the earth,
And so forth and so forth,
And make its dull emptiness shine.
The world is unfinished; let's mould it a bit
With pickaxe and shovel and spade;
We are gentlemen delvers, the gentry of brawn,
And to make the world over our trade.
And I love the sweet sound of our pickaxes' clang,
I'm glad to be with you. You're one of my gang.

Are you one of my crew?
Yes, you're one of my crew,
And we steer by the same pilot star,
On a trip that is long
And through storms that are strong;
But we sail for a port that is far.
O, the oceans are wide, — and we're glad they are wide
And we know not the thitherward shore, —
But we never have sailed from the Less to the Less
But forever from More to the More.

And we deem that our dreams of far islands are true.
Let us spread every sail. You are one of my crew.

You belong to my club?

Yes, you're one of my club,

And this is our programme and plan:

To each do his part

To look into the heart

And get at the good that's in man.

Detectives of virtue and spies of the good

And sleuth-hounds of righteousness we.

Look out there, my brother! we're hot on your trail.

We'll find out how good you can be.

We would drive from our hearts the snake, tiger, and
cub;

We're the Lodge of the Lovers. You're one of my
club.

Do you go to my school?

Yes, you go to my school,

And we've learned the big lesson, — Be strong!

And to front the loud noise

With a spirit of poise

And drown down the noise with a song.

We have spelled the first line in the Primer of Fate;

We have spelled it, and dare not to shirk —

For its first and its greatest commandment to men

Is, "Work, and rejoice in your work."

Who is learned in this Primer will not be a fool —

You are one of my classmates. You go to my school.

You belong to my church?
Yes, you go to my church, —
Our names on the same old church roll —
The tide-waves of God
We believe are abroad
And flow into the creeks of each soul.
And the vessel we sail in is strong as the sea
That buffets and blows it about;
For the sea is God's sea as the ship is God's ship
So we know not the meaning of doubt,
And we know, howsoever the vessel may lurch
We've a Pilot to trust in. You go to my church.

JIM PETTIGREW'S BIG-HEADED BOY

JIM PETTIGREW's big-headed boy
Possessed in his skull cap, 'twas plain,
A mammoth large spatter of vital gray matter
 And a mighty deposit of brain —
 An expansive protuberance of brain.
And we thought there was shut in that boy's occiput
 Pure intellect void of alloy,
A generous sufficiency of general omniscience,
 In this truly phenomenal boy —
 In Pettigrew's big-headed boy.

And Pettigrew's big-headed boy
Strewed wisdom to North and to South,
And he poured on us natives, the saints and the
 caitiffs,
 His mighty momentum of mouth —
 The ponderous power of his mouth.
And we heard the great roar of his onrushing lore
 Such as none but that youth could employ;
And all rushed from under the cataract thunder
 Of that learned reverberant boy —
 Of Pettigrew's big-headed boy.

Ted Fullerton's tow-headed kid
 Was a neighbor that Pettigrew had,
 And the fellow was dumber than snowbirds in summer,
 A silent, secretive young lad —
 Taciturn, irresponsive young lad.
 And we said it was plain he'd an absentee brain
 For his mental machinery was hid;
 A great superfluity of mental vacuity
 Invested this commonplace kid —
 Ted Fullerton's tow-headed kid.

Ted Fullerton's tow-headed kid
 He always had nothing to say,
 And the silence unbroken by words he had spoken
 Was audible nine miles away —
 Coherent for three leagues away.
 But the tow-headed kid knew a lot, for he thought and
 he thought and he thought,
 And the things that he thought of he did —
 Put his thought in transaction, his dream into action,
 This prosy and practical kid —
 Ted Fullerton's tow-headed kid.

Ted Fullerton's tow-headed kid
 Now sits in a senator's chair,
 And, comfortably corpulent, easy and opulent,
 Is reckoned a great millionaire —
 A bloated, blasé millionaire.
 Jim Pettigrew's lad is still vocal and glad,

And talk his perpetual joy,
They call him "professor" — a first-class hair-dresser,
A barber is Pettigrew's boy —
Jim Pettigrew's big-headed boy.

A MASTERPIECE OF PRAYER

W'EN our new church was dedicated we had a jubilee,
They chose a lot of speakers, but were bound they
wouldn't choose me.
They knowed my faculty for speech, — how I could
lift and soar,
An' how I had the gift of tongues as few men had
before.
But they wuz narrer, jealous souls, an' 'fraid of my
renown,
An' meant to choke me off the list an' keep my genius
down.
But I got even with 'em. See? Purtended I didn't
care,
But said I'd like to close the day with a few words of
prayer.
An' so they put me down to pray — thought that
would shet me off,
An' stuck it on the programme there, "A Prayer, by
Deacon Goff."
So I sot still an' waited, till they all had had their
say, —
An' then to close the programme up they called on
me to pray.

Well, did I pray? I guess so! They got it fair and square, —

It warn't ten weeks for nothin' I had studied on that prayer;

It warn't ten weeks for nothin' I had tinkered the consarn,

It warn't ten weeks for nothin' I'd rehearsed it in the barn;

An' I jest put it to 'em good without a haw or hem —
No crowd was ever prayed to quite the way I prayed to them.

W'en you pray an' want to fetch 'em, an' jest stir 'em through and through,

W'y, you've got to make a study of the crowd you're prayin' to.

Well, I knew my crowd exactly, an' I knew jest what would suit;

I knew the crowd I prayed to, an' I knew my prayer to boot.

An' I stood for twenty minutes there without a pause or rest

An' socked it to the audience an' prayed like all possest.

But them programme committee men sot on the platform there

An' the narrer, jealous critters were the pictures of despair,



IT WARN'T TEN WEEKS FOR NOTHIN' I'D REHEARSED IT IN THE
BARN. — *Page 26.*



But I kep' on a-prayin' for my mind was made up
firm,
An' now an' then I'd give a peek to see the cusses
squirm.
You'd ought to seen the durn things wince, an' w'en
I closed my prayer,
No madder set er fellers, sir, was livin' anywhere.

TWO GODS

I

A BOY was born 'mid little things,
Between a little world and sky, —
And dreamed not of the cosmic rings
Round which the circling planets fly.

He lived in little works and thoughts,
Where little ventures grow and plod,
And paced and ploughed his little plots,
And prayed unto his little God.

But as the mighty system grew,
His faith grew faint with many scars;
The Cosmos widened in his view —
But God was lost among His stars.

II

Another boy in lowly days,
As he, to little things was born,
But gathered lore in woodland ways,
And from the glory of the morn.

As wider skies broke on his view,
God greatened in his growing mind;
Each year he dreamed his God anew,
And left his older God behind.

He saw the boundless scheme dilate,
In star and blossom, sky and clod;
And as the universe grew great,
He dreamed for it a greater God.

HIMSELFING

WHEN Shakespeare was shakespeareing, he knew not
he shakespeareed,
And Meyerbeer meyerbeering knew not he meyer-
beered,
Thucydides thucydidesing,
Demosthenes demosthenesing
Did their own work in their own way and did it as
they pleased,
But knew not they thucydidized or they demosthe-
nesed.

When Chaucer was a-chaucering, he chaucered on
unknowing,
And Edgar Allan Poe poed on and knew not he was
poeing;
Unconscious Poe poed poingly,
And Shelley shelled unknowingly,
And Kant he kanted all his life and knew not he
could kant;
And Dante danted evermore but knew not he could
dant.

When a man is socratesing you may know he's Socrates,
And a man themistoclesing he must be Themistocles;
 By the way a man's behaving
 Be he neroing or gustaving,
He is Nero or Gustavus and no other man can be,
For no other man can do his job — no other man
 than he.

So let Briggs keep on a-briggsing, and Smith keep
 smithing on,
And Griggs keep on a-griggsing, nor Johnson cease
 to john;
 Magoun keep on magouning,
 And Spooner keep a-spooning,
And Bagster bag, and Jacobs jake, and Logan always
 loge,
And Rider ride, and Snyder snide, and Hogan always
 hoge.

Let Stubbs keep on a-stubbing but try not to shake-
 speare,
And Grubb continue grubbing nor try to meyerbeer;
 Let Streeter keep a-streetering,
 And Peters keep a-petering;
For in somebody-elsing there is no fame or pelf,
Let each man go himselfing and each man be himself.

LARGE ETERNAL FELLOWS

THERE are large eternal fellows making music here-
about,

And large eternal men are yet to be;
And long will be the long, long years before the breed
runs out,

Strong as iron in the mountains, clean as saltness in
the sea.

There were large eternal fellows and they lived before
the Flood,

And they fought the slimy dragons of the old Deu-
calion mud, —

And still the good earth nourishes the same eternal
brood.

There are large eternal fellows yet to be.

There were large eternal fellows with the Cave-men
long ago,

Hairy Platos, stammering voices for the dumb,
Men who felt the streaming up-gush of great Nature's
overflow, —

And great Nature has her darlings yet to come.
There is iron in the mountains, there is saltness in
the sea,

There shall flower higher corn-blooms on the stalks
of destiny,
There's a race of giants growing for the long years
yet to be, —
There are large eternal fellows yet to come.

There was workmanship put in it, and the world was
made to last,
And it wears as well to-day as hitherto;
And the large, eternal fellows that it grew there in the
past —
It shall match and overtop them with the new;
In its green irriguous valleys lilies grow as fair as
then,
There are giant pines and redwoods towering from
the watered glen,
Nor has Nature lost the cunning yet of making giant
men, —
There are large, eternal fellows yet to be.

From the star-dust of wide spaces did the mighty
worlds cohere —
And there's star-dust for a million worlds to be;
There are many things that happen in the long Pla-
tonic year, —
There are new stars yet unmoulded that the
coming days will see.
The cosmic stuff for stars and men the years shall not
debase, —

And greater stars than throng the skies shall newly
loom in space,

And greater men than yet have been shall yet redeem
the race.

There are large, eternal fellows yet to be.

THE POSTER-PAINTER'S MASTERPIECE

"LET us paint a landscape in June," he cried;

"A landscape in high June."

And the poster-painter swelled with pride

And trilled a merry tune.

And he painted five cows in Antwerp blue

(For he was a poster-painter true),

And the grass they browsed was a light écru

And a dark maroon.

And the foot of one cow was in the sky,

And her horns were pink and green;

Her amber tail it curled on high —

A bright and beauteous scene.

And a lavender river flowed at her feet

With gamboge lilies fragrant and sweet,

But some were the color of powdered peat,

Some light marine.

And another cow's tail was round the sun

(Her horns hung limply down);

And her tail was white as wool new-spun,

And the sun was a neutral brown.

In the drab background was a pale-blue lamb

Who stood by the side of her turquoise dam,

And the sky — a pink parallelogram —
On the lamb closed down.

And the rhomboid hills were of ochre hue
With trees of lilac white,
And rectilinear forests grew
In a limpid cochineal light.
An isosceles lake spread fair and pink,
And, gathered about its damask brink,
Triangular swans came down to drink
With glad delight.

Then a milkmaid came with cheeks of dun
And a smile of dark maroon,
One arm was on the setting sun,
One on the rising moon.
And she seemed to float from a Nile-green sky,
With an ebony arm and an ivory eye,
And her gown swelled down from a point on high,
Like a pink balloon.

But all the things the painter drew
'Twere hard to tell —
The cow, the sky, the swans of blue,
Lamb, maid, he painted well.
But which was the cow and which the maid,
And which were the swans or the trees of shade,
And which were the sky or the hills, I'm afraid,
No soul could tell.

THE CREEDLESS LOVE

A CREEDLESS love, that knows no clan,
No caste, no cult, no church but Man;
That deems to-day and now and here,
Are voice and vision of the seer;
That through this lifted human clod
The inflow of the breath of God
Still sheds its apostolic powers, —
Such love, such trust, such faith be ours.

We deem man climbs an endless slope
Tow'rd far-seen tablelands of hope;
That he, through filth and shame of sin,
Still seeks the God that speaks within;
That all the years since time began
Work the eternal Rise of Man;
And all the days that time shall see
Tend tow'rd the Eden yet to be.

Too long our music-hungering needs
Have heard the iron clash of creeds.
The creedless love that knows no clan,
No caste, no cult, no church but Man,

Shall drown with mellow music all,
The dying jangle of their brawl; —
Such love with all its quickening powers, —
Such love to God and Man be ours.

THE NOVELIST

His heart is like no lonely peak,
 No cloud-robed, thunder-blasted crest;
His heart is like a wayside inn
 Where every traveller can rest.
They come from far and over-sea,
 From North and South — he lets them in —
His door swings wide for men of grace,
 He shakes the hands of men of sin.

The lofty great among his guests
 With placid pose ignore the small,
Th' unnoted small avoid the great
 But he, their landlord, greets them all.
He lives there where the cross-road meets
 The turnpike road, that stretches far;
He greets the wanderers of the world
 Who come from under every star.

And guests who wear their hearts concealed
 Who shroud themselves in silence grim,
Reveal to him their secret shrines
 And show their inmost souls to him.

He *finds* them; and they cannot hide:
For every man he meets his plan
Is, to go forth from out himself
And straightway to become that man.

And to the world-inn of his heart,
That stands beside the world's highway,
They throng from all the roads and lanes
And come and enter night and day.
His heart is like no lonely peak
No cloud-robed, thunder-blasted crest;
His heart is like a wayside inn
Where every traveller can rest.

THE LOGIC OF THE GUN

He wrote in letters plain to see,
That all could understand:
ALL PERSONS CARRYING FIREARMS
FORBIDDEN ON THIS LAND.
And through his hundred-acre woods,
To stay through calm and breeze,
He nailed this minatory sign
Upon two hundred trees.
So all who wandered through those wilds
Could read and understand:
ALL PERSONS CARRYING FIREARMS
FORBIDDEN ON THIS LAND.

Ben Bean, the Nimrod of the town,
Went shooting through the land;
His vocal musket banged in tones
That all could understand.
And then the owner of the woods
Who placed the warning signs,
Went after Ben and talked to him
Of penalties and fines.
"Do you not see these signs?" said he,
"A child can understand,

'All persons carrying firearms
Forbidden on this land?'"

"But how'll you get me off?" asked Ben,
And spoke without a wince,
"A person carrying firearms
Ain't easy to convince."
"Go off!" the farmer cried; "Begone!"
"Come drive me off," Ben said,
And raised his musket toward the man,
And aimed it at his head.
"Why, I have right upon my side,"
The farmer said. "Now run!"
"You may have right, I don't deny't,
But I have got the gun."

And there are empires, just like Ben,
Who hunt the world around,
Whose purpose 'tis to use the world
For their own hunting-ground.
And there's no potentate or power,
No premier or prince,
Who's well-equipped with firearms,
That's easy to convince.
And when their victims prate of rights
They say to every one,
"You may have right, I don't deny't,
But I have got the gun."

JED FULLER'S STONE WALL

AN' awful change has taken place in old Jed Fuller's
heart,

His moril natur' has collapsed an' fallen all apart;
He once was jest as honerble an' good an' jest an' true
An' honest an' respectable as either me or you.

But I'm 'fraid he's given over to the adversary's grip
An' let ol' Satan conquer him an' never raise a yip;
In pitfalls of iniquerty he's tumbled headlong in
To eternal reperbation an' to everlastin' sin.

His ol' stone wall laps over ten inches on my land,
An' 's done so for two hunderd years or more, you un-
derstand.

I says to him, "You move that wall an' pay me the
arrears,
An' damages thet wall hez done the past two hunderd
years."

A reasonable request enough as any gump can see,
There's jest five hunderd rods of wall thet runs 'twixt
him an' me,

An' for two-fifty-cents a rod the scamp could move
it back —

But his whole moril natur' has completely gone to
wrack.

I sez to him, "You move that wall and then plank
down the stuff.

One thousand dollar damages — thet's reasonable
enough;

You've had ten inches of my land two hunderd years
or so,

I want one thousan' damages; fork over what you
owe."

An' he wouldn' do it. No, siree! Wall, did you ever
know

A case where human natur' got so miser'ble an' low.
There's eighty acres in the lot. I hain't no land to
lend,

An' I won't have ten inches there jest chopped right
off the end.

There's eighty acres — parsture land — I've allus kept
it well

Ev'ry acre'll fetch two dollars any time I want to sell.

An' he's got ten inches on it, thet he uses as his own.

W'y, I never see a critter yet with sich low moril tone.

An' then he had the cheek to say the whole long strip
er land

Warn't worth more'n thirteen cents or so, an' nothin'
but w'ite sand,

An' warn't more'n thirty spears er grass along the
whole fence line,

"I want them thirty spears," said I. "I want 'em
— they are mine!"

There's a great prinserple at stake. I stan' for right-
eousness.

An' I want perfect jestice done an' won't hev nothin'
less.

For I'm a strong, religious man, an' I'm prepared to
fight

For honor an' integrity, moralerty an' right.

But Jed said he wouldn' move the wall. The way
thet he behaved

Shows me he's given up to sin an' totally depraved.

In pitfalls of iniquerty he's tumbled headlong in,

To eternal reperbation an' to everlastin' sin.

THE HIGHER CATECHISM

LET us ask ourselves some questions; for that man
is truly wise

Who can make a catechism that will really catechise.
All can make a catechism — none can keep it in re-
pair.

Where's the workman can construct one that he'll
guarantee will wear?

We are fronted from our birthday onward to the day
we die

With a maximum of questions and a minimum reply.
So we make our catechism; but our work is never
done —

For a father's catechism never fits a father's son.

What are we here for? That's the first one; that the
first we want to know.

We are here and all born little, just because we're here
to grow.

What is sin? Why sin's not growing; all that stops
the growth within,

Plagues the eternal upward impulse, stunts the spirit
— that is sin.

Who are sinners? All are sinners; but this is no
hopeless plaint,

For there never was a sinner who was not likewise a
saint.

What's the devil? A convenient but imagined elf
Each man builds to throw his sins on when he won't
"own up" himself.

And where is hell? And where is heaven? In some
vague distance dim?

No, they are here and now in you — in me, in her,
in him.

When is the Judgment Day to dawn? Its true date
who can say?

Look in your calendar and see what day it is to-day!
To-day is always Judgment Day; and Conscience
throned within

Brings up before its judgment-seat each soul to face
his sin.

We march to judgment, each along an unaccompanied
way —

Stand up, man, and accuse yourself and meet your
Judgment Day.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the open sky,
The sphere of crystal silence surcharged with deity.
The winds blow from a thousand ways and waft their
balms abroad,

The winds blow toward a million goals — but all
winds blow from God.

The stars the old Chaldæans saw still weave their
maze on high

And write a thousand thousand years their Bible in the
sky.

The midnight earth sends incense up sweet with the
breath of prayer —

Go out beneath the naked night and get religion there.

Where shall we get religion? Beneath the blooming
tree,

Beside the hill-encircling brooks that loiter to the sea,
Beside all twilight waters, beneath all noonday shades,
Beneath the dark cathedral pines and through the
tangled glades;

Wherever the old urge of life provokes the dumb,
dead sod

To tell its thought in violets, the soul takes hold on
God.

Go smell the growing clover, and scent the blooming
pear,

Go forth to seek religion — and find it anywhere.

What is the church? The church is man when his
awed soul goes out,

In reverence to the Mystery that swathes him all
about.

When any living man in awe gropes Godward in his
search;
Then, in that hour, that living man becomes the living
church,
Then, though in wilderness or waste, his soul is swept
along
Down naves of prayer, through aisles of praise, up
altar-stairs of song.
And where man fronts the Mystery with spirit bowed
in prayer,
There is the universal church — the church of God
is there.

Where are the prophets of the soul? Where dwells
the sacred clan?
Ah, they live in fields and cities, yea, wherever dwells
a man,
Whether he prays in cloistered cell or delves the hill-
side clod,
Wherever beats the heart of man, there dwells a priest
of God.
Who are the apostolic line? the men who hear a
voice
Well from the soul within the soul that cries aloud,
"Rejoice!"
Who listen to themselves and hear this world-old voice
divine —
These are the lineage of seers, the apostolic line.

And what is faith? The anchored trust that at the
core of things
Health, goodness, animating strength flow from ex-
haustless springs;
That no star rolls unguided down the rings of endless
maze,
That no feet tread an aimless path through wastes of
empty days;
That trusts the everlasting voice, the glad, calm voice
that saith
That Order grows from Chaos, and that life is born
from death;
That from the wreck of rending stars behind the storm
and scathe,
There dwells a heart of central calm; — and this, and
this is faith.

What is the world's true Bible — 'tis the highest
thought of man,
The thought distilled through ages since the dawn of
thought began.
And each age adds its word thereto, some psalm or
promise sweet —
And the canon is unfinished and forever incomplete.
O'er the chapters that are written long and lovingly
we pore —
But the best is yet unwritten, for we grow from more
to more.

Let us heed the Voice within us and its messages rehearse;

Let us build the growing Bible — for we too must write a verse.

What is the purport of the scheme towards which all time is gone?

What is the great æonian goal? The joy of going on.
And are there any souls so strong, such feet with swift-
ness shod,

That they shall reach it, reach some bourne, the ultimate of God?

There is no bourne, no ultimate. The very farthest star

But rims a sea of other stars that stretches just as far.
There's no beginning and no end. As in the ages gone,

The greatest joy of joys shall be the joy of going on.

STAY THOU IN THY SKULL AND
FEAR NOT

STAY thou in thy skull and fear not,
Though the sons of thunder are loud,
Though the strenuous brawlers are hot
And a clamor goes up from the crowd;
Though there's tumult and turmoil without,
Though there's frenzy and fury and doubt,
Stand calm in the midst of the rout —
Stay thou in thy skull and fear not.

Stay thou in thy skull and fear not,
For the thunderers ever have roared,
In peals of omniscience have burst,
And the smoke of their torment has poured
In sulphurous clouds from the first;
While they warned of the thunder-storm's stroke
The sun-burst forever outbroke,
And the world floated out of the smoke —
Stay thou in thy skull and fear not.

Stay thou in thy skull and fear not;
The world has been thrown at a goal

By a hand that fails not of its mark,
And straight to its aim doth it roll
Through the shine and the murk and the dark.
No whirlwind can blow it aside.
And the drift and the stress of no tide.
And straight to its aim doth it ride —
Stay thou in thy skull and fear not.

THE FIRM OF GRIN AND BARRETT

No financial throe volcanic
Ever yet was known to scare it;
Never yet was any panic
Scared the firm of Grin and Barrett.
From the flurry and the fluster,
From the ruin and the crashes,
They arise in brighter lustre,
Like the phoenix from his ashes.
When the banks and corporations
Quake with fear, they do not share it;
Smiling through all perturbations
Goes the firm of Grin and Barrett.
Grin and Barrett,
Who can scare it?
Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?

When the tide-sweep of reverses
Smites them, firm they stand and dare it,
Without wailings, tears, or curses,
This stout firm of Grin and Barrett.
Even should their house go under
In the flood and inundation,

Calm they stand amid the thunder
 Without noise or demonstration.
 And, when sackcloth is the fashion,
 With a patient smile they wear it,
 Without petulance or passion,
 This old firm of Grin and Barrett.
 Grin and Barrett,
 Who can scare it?
 Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?

When the other firms show dizziness,
 Here's a house that does not share it.
 Wouldn't you like to join the business?
 Join the firm of Grin and Barrett?
 Give your strength that does not murmur,
 And your nerve that does not falter,
 And you've joined a house that's firmer
 Than the old rock of Gibraltar.
 They have won a good prosperity;
 Why not join the firm and share it?
 Step, young fellow, with celerity;
 Join the firm of Grin and Barrett.
 Grin and Barrett,
 Who can scare it?
 Scare the firm of Grin and Barrett?

I SHALL NOT PASS THIS WAY AGAIN

"I shall not pass this way again." — WILLIAM PENN.

RIGHT words and shrewd, good William Penn,
I shall not pass this way again.
My long way and the winding track
Which I pursue will bend not back.

Mayhap it stretches very far,
Mayhap it winds from star to star;
Mayhap through worlds as yet unformed
 Its never-ending journey runs,
Through worlds that now are whirling wraiths
 Of formless mists between the suns.
I go — beyond my widest ken —
But shall not pass this way again.

So, as I go and cannot stay
And never more shall pass this way,
I hope to sow the way with deeds
Whose seed shall bloom like May-time meads,
And flood my onward path with words
That thrill the day like singing birds;

That other travellers following on
May find a gleam and not a gloom,
May find their path a pleasant way,
A trail of music and of bloom.

* * * * *

Strew gladness on the paths of men —
You will not pass this way again.

REST AND WORK

WHERE is rest? In what isles of the summer-glad
seas?

In what gardens of balm? 'Neath what sleep-drop-
ping trees?

By what still-flowing waters, what lily-fringed streams?
In what meadows of silence, what valley of dreams?
'Neath what thunderless skies, by what hillsides of
sleep?

On what moon-lighted mountain or star-lighted deep?
Yes, where on the earth's or the ocean's wide breast
Is the home of release and the harbor of rest?

Why, here in the corn-field — and take up your hoe!
Right here in this mill — make the paddle-wheel go!
Right here with your engine — up steam and away!
Right here with your sewing-machine every day.
Where there's work, there is rest, and it's nowhere
beside,

Though you travel all lands, and you sail every tide.
Where is rest? Go to work, and your spirit renew,
For no man can rest who has nothing to do.

MODERN REFORMERS

THE world has had reformers, men who were sternly
just,

Who smote the thrones of wickedness and laid them in
the dust.

Meek, tender men, made mighty by mankind's blood
and tears,

Strong men with words like thunderbolts to smite
the wrong of years.

Were all these old reformers of a breed too weak to
last?

Did all the great wrong-smiths wane and perish in
the past?

Did they fight a losing battle? Were they conquered
in the fray?

Why are there no reformers fighting in the world
to-day?

Well, 'tis but a thing of labels; the reformers have not
gone,

But they're mixing with the people with misleading
placards on;

For we label them fanatics, visionaries, dolts, and
fools —

Men denounced by clubs and churches, by the jour-
nals and the schools.

There are men who wear these placards daily in the
market-place,

Heroes of an ancient lineage, kings, and saviours of
the race;

But we never see their greatness through life's trivial
events,

But our children's sons will read it on their granite
monuments.

SENCE MARY JINED THE CLUB

YIS, life 'ith us hez allus bin a pooty serious rub;
But somehow things is pleasanter sence Mary jined
the club.

Mary's a marster han' to talk, a reg'lar talk ex-pert;
But w'at she useter talk about wuz cleanin' house an'
dirt;

Bout bringin' mud in on my feet, an' hangin' up'
my clo'es;

Of Tom's protrudin' elbows an' of Dick's protrudin'
toes;

An' 'bout her pies that got baked-on, 'bout her per-
serves that soured,

An' 'bout her tin an' pewter pans she never could keep
scoured;

An' 'bout the everlastin' flies she driv out twice a day.
'Bout rats that et her cheeses up an' cats that sp'ilt
her whey;

'Bout cramp-spells with her scrubbin' brush, an'
backache at her tub —

An' all that ar I useter hear 'fore Mary jined her club.

But now she talks 'bout Tennerson — the potery
man, you know —

The potery man who writ so much — whose writin's
jingle so;
About Jonmilton's bunkum verse, the best thing of
its kind.
In his book about the devil w'ich he writ w'en he wuz
blind;
An' 'bout a man named Shakespeare, too, whose
geenyus hed no clogs,
Who spent his life in writin' down a mess er dia-
logues;
An' a man who writ long stories that her club folks
greatly prize —
George W. Eliot, I believe — they seem to me like
lies; —
An' 'bout a chap named Blueing too — no — Brown-
ing — that's his name,
Who writ a book of puzzles with no answers to the
same;
An' ol' Alf. Walter Emerson an' Wendull Phillips
Holmes,
James Rustle Lynn — No? Lowell? — Yis? — who
writ so many pomes;
Sence all this stuff I hear about my life ain't such a
rub,
An' now I hear this ev'ry day sence Mary jined the
club.

An' sometimes she gits talkin' 'bout the rennysarnce
of art.

I don't know nothin' w'at it means, but she duz —
she is smart!

W'y, the words she uses sometimes they is puffickly
immense,

'Bout the "re-hah-bil-i-tashun of the scientific sense."

An' she talks of everlution: Say? you know what
that ar is?

Yer don't? Wall then I'll tell ye jest to show she
knows her biz:

It is matter's intergration

With konkomertant disserpation

Of motion

From incoherunt Homer G. Nierty

To a koherunt Hattie Rowe G. Nierty —

Cute notion.

Yes, sir! that is everlution. There yer hev it plain
an' flat, —

An' Mary knows a lot er things that's pootier than
that;

An' now Mary talks 'em to me, w'y, my life ain't
sich a rub,

It's one sweet song of pooty words sence Mary jined
the club.

Sometimes she talks for hours 'bout the planet Satan's
rings,

The neberler hypothernuse an' them ar sort er things;

About the lates' theories of bisickle research,

An' lots er new theology I never heerd in church.

She knows the ol' philosophers that any man can
know,
She knows John Stuart Factory an' Edward Ev'ritt
Snow;
She describes the great procession that the equernoxes
made, —
An' I thought the way she told it 'twas a tarnal long
parade.
Oh, life ain't w'at it useter be, 'tain't no sich grind
an' scrub,
For I jest soak in literacher sence Mary jined the
club.



FOR I JEST SOAK IN LITERACHER SENCE MARY JINED THE
CLUB. — *Page 64.*



THE MAN FROM THE CROWD

MEN seem as alike as the leaves on the trees,
As alike as the bees in a swarming of bees;
And we look at the millions that make up the state
All equally little and equally great,

And the pride of our courage is cowed.
Then Fate calls for a man who is larger than men —
There's a surge in the crowd — there's a movement
— and then
There arises a man that is larger than men —
And the man comes up from the crowd.

The chasers of trifles run hither and yon,
And the little small days of small things still go on,
And the world seems no better at sunset than dawn,
And the race still increases its plentiful spawn.

And the voice of our wailing is loud.
Then the Great Deed calls out for the Great Man to
come,
And the crowd, unbelieving, sits sullen and dumb —
But the Great Deed is done, for the Great Man is
come —
Aye, the man comes up from the crowd.

There's a dead hum of voices, all say the same thing,
And our forefathers' songs are the songs that we sing,
And the deeds by our fathers and grandfathers done
Are done by the son of the son of the son,

And our heads in contrition are bowed.

Lo, a call for a man who shall make all things new
Goes down through the throng! See! he rises in
view!

Make room for the man who shall make all things
new! —

For the man who comes up from the crowd.

And where is the man who comes up from the throng
Who does the new deed and who sings the new song,
And who makes the old world as a world that is new?
And who is the man? It is you! It is you!

And our praise is exultant and proud.

We are waiting for you there — for you are the man!
Come up from the jostle as soon as you can;
Come up from the crowd there, for you are the man —
The man who comes up from the crowd.

ELDER FORD'S TWO CANDIDATES

Now, I don't want to brag at all; but this is my idee:
 It takes a purty scrumptious man to git ahead er me.
 I've got a brain for plannin' things, I've got an eye
 that's peeled,
 An' the chap who gits ahead er me hez kep' himself
 concealed.

I opened up my grocery-store down here two year ago,
 An' thought if I should jine the church, I'd have a
 better show;
 For this is a religious place, an' I seen very well
 The piouser a feller was, the more goods he would sell.

So I applied to jine the church, let no time run to waste.
 "This is a sollum step," they said, "an' shouldn' be
 took in haste."

"Go home an' pray about this thing. Go pray,"
 says Elder Ford,
 "An' talk it over prayerfully an' deeply with the Lord."

I see they didn' want me then; but this is my idee:
 It takes a purty scrumptious man to git ahead er me.
 "I'll come an' see ye later, sir," sez I to Elder Ford,
 "W'en I've talked it over prayerfully an' deeply with
 the Lord."

So two weeks later I appeared before the church ag'in
An' asked politely as I could if they would let me in.

"I've talked it over with the Lord," said I, "for many
a day."

"An' what, pray tell," asked Elder Ford, "what did
the good Lord say?"

"I'm tryin' to git in,' sez I, 'to the church of Elder
Ford,

An' they won't let me in at all.' 'Don't worry,' sez
the Lord.

'You're not the only one,' sez he, 'they've laid upon
the shelf.

I've tried ten years without success to git in there
myself.'"

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

A NEW YEAR'S SONG

AH, here is another turn of the road,
Another league is gone;
Take a strong new grip and grasp of your load,
And then — go on! Go on!
For we follow a Voice down the long, long road
That travels hither and yon,
And the Voice is the voice of the hastening years, —
“Go on! Go on! Go on!”

And the Voice is here at the turn of the road
Of the highway of the years;
And there's nothing of fear in the tone of the voice,
Though it speaks from the midst of fears.
There are blasted cliffs and chasms of dread
In the journey we have gone;
There are stony hills on the road ahead;
But the Voice says, “On! Go on!”

There are gardens abloom on the way we have come,
And fountains, and arbors of shade;

There are bleak, dark pines in the cold snows, dumb,
And the thunder-smitten glade;
There are orchards of bloom and firs of gloom
On the journey we have gone;
There are bloom and gloom on the way ahead;
But the Voice says, "On! Go on!"

We are glad for the Voice at the turn of the road,
'Tis tuned to the heart of man;
It has cheered his way, and lightened his load
From the day when the world began.
For the heart of man said, "Yea" to the Voice
In all the years that are gone;
And its words are a music that thrill in his blood, —
"Go on! Go on! Go on!"

A SAILOR OF SEAS

"If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea." — CHANNING.

I SAIL upon a mighty sea
Before the blast;
The waves of God encompass me;
Borne on the deeps of Deity
I float from Vast to Vast.

I sail upon a mighty quest
Through deep and shoal;
The waves of many climes I breast
Tow'rd unknown islands in the West
And Indias of the soul.

A star I follow from afar:
I quit the shore;
I sail from out the harbor bar,
Morn's twilight gilding sheet and spar —
And I return no more.

I sail beyond the horizon's marge,
And on I tend;
And Fear begins her ominous charge,
"Behold the seas of God are large,
And whither is the end?"

"The seas of God are large. Away!
Stout sailors we.
Behold above the surge and spray,
Behold, my Star — it shines alway —
Sail on! Put out to sea!

"My caravel shall sail afar
And find, some day,
Cipango under many a star,
And many a new America,
And many an old Cathay."

"And when we find those far lands, when
Shall we have rest?"
"We'll tarry for a space, and then
We'll seek new nations of new men
Within the farther West."

"And when we've crossed the Seas of Snow
And Seas of Fire,
Ah, whither, whither, shall we go?"
"Go where the outward currents flow
To the Isles of our Desire."

"And when those Western strands we win,
Shall we find rest?"
"Our voyage ends but to begin;
We'll seek new continents within
The West beyond the West."

"What gulfs," says Fear, "are in that West
Far in the night?
What Isle of Demons lifts its crest?
What kraken heaves the ocean's breast?
What spectre shapes affright?"

"There may be spectres on this sea,
Afar and near;
But waves of God encompass me,
And on the deeps of Deity
There is no place for fear."

"But lo! the seas of God are wide
And deep," says Fear.
"Hear ye the tumult of the tide?
God's wrath is strong; where shall we hide?"
"On! on! Right onward steer."

"From stranger seas new stars arise
With baleful rays;
Strange winds are blown from alien skies;
From wrecked Armadas come the cries
Of dying castaways.

"O for one rood of solid sod!
Our timbers groan!
On midnight seas we are tossed abroad —
There is no light — mayhap no God —
And we are all alone!

"Ah, we are all alone," Fear saith.

"All light has fled;

I fear the whirlwind's merciless breath
May blow us on the Crag of Death." —

"Sail on!" I said.

"The Crag of Death by Fate's decrees
May wreck us. Then?"

"Ah, then we sink to other seas,
And wider seas are they than these —
And then we sail again."

THE SONG OF THE WATER TOWER

I STAND above my town,
I loom o'er all the land
And toss the largess of the clouds
With unwithholding hand.
The Phantom of the plague
Looms in the summer glare,
It sees my shadow 'gainst the sky
And fades into the air.
The Phantom fades away,
The pestilence goes by: —
Within my iron veins is health
Drawn from the earth and sky.

I stand above my town,
The huddled people sleep;
The fire-gong smites the midnight air,
The skyward flames upleap.
Sleep on and take your rest
Nor heed the bell's acclaim,
I pour the fountains of the hills
Upon the baffled flame.
Heed not the threatening plague,
Heed not the clamorous bell;

Look to the tower on the hill
And know that all is well.

I stand above my town,
And every flower-bed
Looks toward the tower on the hill
And blooms a rosier red.
And in the breathless noon
The rainbows arch the spray;
Fed by the tower on the hill
A thousand fountains play.
The dead town blooms with trees,
Like any forest glen;
I make the stone-paved brookless town
A fit abode for men.

A MISFIT HALO

A HALO is a handsome thing
For any man to wear.
I wish I might have one myself,
If kept in good repair.
Jim Baxter wore a halo fine
That all his features lit;
But Jim he had a secret woe —
His halo did not fit.

For Jim could smile and cheat the while,
And, with seraphic features,
Cherubic innocence and grace,
Defraud his fellow creatures.
And while he plundered, lied, and stole
His face with love was lit;
He had a halo round his head —
But, ah, it did not fit.

And Jim was lauded to the skies
With eulogistic phrases,
Was lauded loud and eulogized
With universal praises.

But praise was like a dagger-thrust.
As if a serpent bit;
The halo round his head was hard
Because it did not fit.

Men pierced him with their praises sweet
Whose sure aim never swerved.
There are no curses half so deep
As praises undeserved.

Men stung him with their words of love,
Ah, hard and deep they hit;
He had a halo round his head—
But, ah, it did not fit.

But Jim was caught and sent to jail,
Where he had long belonged,
Bent 'neath the blame of men he'd harmed,
The curse of those he'd wronged.
But all their curses did not bite
As once their praises bit;
For now he'd thrown his halo off
Because it did not fit.

The sheep's coat on the old wolf's back
Can never keep him warm,
Nor keep his conscience comfortable,
Nor shield him from the storm:
And sad the man whose beaming face
A halo's flame has lit,
If he is conscious in his heart
His halo does not fit.

THE PESSIMIST FIREFLY

A PESSIMIST firefly sat on a weed
In the dark of a moonless night;
With folded wings drooped over his breast
He moped and he moaned for light.
“There is nothing but weeds on the earth,” said he,
“And there isn’t a star in the sky;
And the best I can do in a world like this
Is to sit on this weed and die;
Yes, all that I need
Is to sit on this weed,
Just sit on this weed and die.

“There is naught but this miserable swamp beneath,
And there isn’t a star overhead.”
“Then be your own star! then be your own star!”
An optimist firefly said.
“If you’ll leap from your weed, and will open your
wings
And bravely fly afar,
You will find you will shine like a star yourself,
You will be yourself a star;
And the thing you need
Is to leap from your weed
And be yourself a star.”

Then the pessimist firefly leaped from his weed
And floated far and free;
And he found that he shone like a star himself,
Like a living star was he.
And the optimist firefly followed and said:
"Why sit on a weed and groan?
For the firefly, friend, who uses his wings
Has plenty of light of his own;
He has plenty of light
For the darkest night,
He has plenty of light of his own."

Ye firefly souls with your folded wings,
Why sit with the weeds in the night?
Lift up your wings and illumine the dark
With your own self-luminant light.
For darkness comes with the folded wings
And shrouds the starless land;
But there's light enough for the darkest way,
If you let your wings expand.
There is plenty of light
For the darkest night,
If you let your wings expand.

THE "NEW" JOURNALISM

PLY your muck-rakes, thrust them in
To the fetid bogs of sin;
Lift them dripping with the slime
Of the cesspools of our time;
Search through every social sewer,
Search for all that's most impure,
Hunt for every deed of shame
And for deeds without a name;
Let the eager public see
All our moral leprosy.
For it is our daily stint
The unprintable to print;
'Tis the glory of our clique
The unspeakable to speak.
Run we through our printing-press
Myriad miles of nastiness;
Smear with slime its league-long rolls —
Food, my masters; food for souls.

Pour we through our printing-press
Tons of moral putridness;
Let it through the land be spread,
Let the people all be fed.

Ply your muck-rakes with all haste,
Lest some filth shall run to waste;
Rake out every carrion shape,
Let no noisome thing escape;
Heave it from your sewers vast,
We will scatter it broadcast.
This is stuff supremely good
For our hungry children's food.
Let the printing press be whirled,
Smear this sewage o'er the world;
Let not your supply grow less,
Dump it through our printing-press;
Smear again its league-long rolls —
Food, my masters; food for souls.

WHEN THE OLD CLOCK STRIKES
THIRTEEN

LIFE will be a swelling anthem, with no discord in the
tune,
In the dim and rainbowed distance of some thirty-first
of June;
Then we'll find the Happy Valleys dressed in ever-
lasting green,
Skied with rich, purpureal splendor, when our old
clock strikes thirteen.

We shall glide through halcyon waters, with no labor-
ing oar to pull,
When the morning sun is setting and the bright new
moon is full;
Bask in fair irriguous meadows lapped in satisfying
rest
When the Polar Star is shining at the threshold of
the West.
We shall find the Enchanted Islands — they are rest-
ing over there,
Where the square peg fits the round hole, and the
round peg fits the square;

They are resting in the centre of the world's third
hemisphere —

When to-day shall catch to-morrow, we shall find
them; never fear.

Swathed in Hesperidean hazes on the mystic sea they
rest,

'Twixt the North Pole and the South Pole, just be-
tween the East and West;

Let us bravely go to seek them, put our bold prows
out to sea;

All we've got to do to find them is to go where they
may be.

Then we'll hear life's swelling anthem with no dis-
cord in the tune,

And we'll pluck time's full fruition on that thirty-first
of June;

And we'll till those Happy Valleys, dressed in ever-
lasting green,

Skied with rich purpureal splendor — when our old
clock strikes thirteen.

MEHITABLE

I NEVER shall forget the day,
For it is unforgettable,
When I by moonlight used to stray
With my divine Mehitable.
Mehitable! Mehitable!
The beacon of my lonely way,
My goddess, my Mehitable!

Since then I've wandered wide and far,
And time has worked its ravages,
In every clime 'neath every star
With civilized and savages —
The savages, the savages —
The brutes who love to scalp and scar,
The sanguinary savages.

I've communed since with many minds —
With wits and literarians,
With seers and bards of divers kinds,
With authors and grammarians —
Grammarians, grammarians —
With learned and linguistic minds —
With eminent grammarians.

With princes and charges d'affaires,
With great potentialities,
I've mixed and talked of state affairs
Without the least formalities —
Formalities, formalities —
I've tracked these statesmen to their lairs
Regardless of formalities.

I've sat beside the erudite
And heard the metaphysical;
I've listened to the sons of light
Until their lungs grew phthisical —
So phthisical, so phthisical —
Till their thoracic tubes grew tight,
Grew wheezy, hoarse, and phthisical.

I've talked with great celebrities,
With pugilists and fistigogues,
With pundits and profundities,
With magi and with mystagogues —
With mystagogues, with mystagogues —
With murky, mazy prodigies, —
With most mysterious mystagogues.

But all the talk of these great lights
Seemed commonplace and pitiable
Beside those talks on moonlit nights
I held with my Mehitable, —
Mehitable! Mehitable!

Those mad meanderings of delights
With my divine Mehitable.

Though she was not profoundly wise,
Her ways were inconceivable;
And, oh, the way she arched her eyes
Was simply unbelievable —
Believable? Believable?
I wish to loudly emphasize
It sure was not believable.

She had no knowledge that would harm,
Her learning was debatable —
But, oh, the way she squeezed my arm
Was simply untranslatable —
Translatable? Translatable?
I wish to state, in accents calm,
Her squeeze was untranslatable.

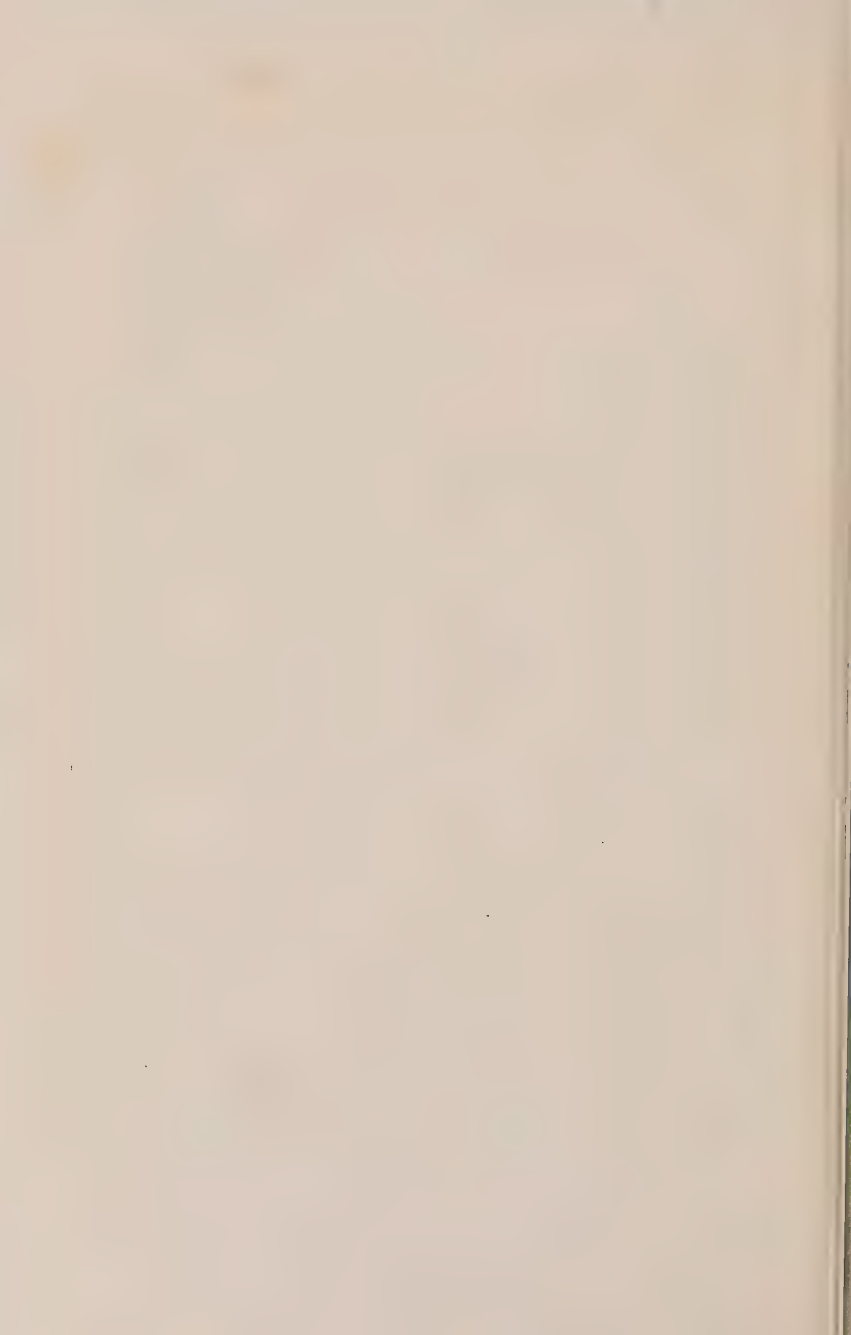
Like stellar splendors beamed her eyes —
But I've no language sizable —
And why attempt to poetize
On things un-poetizable?
Derizable! Derizable!
To agonize and poetize
On things unpoetizable.

Depart, O poet, pundit, sage,
Your comfort is so pitiable —

Return once more my callow age
And bring my lost Mehitable!
Mehitable! Mehitable!
Bring back, my yearning to assuage,
My goddess, my Mehitable!



“HURRY UP AND SPLIT THE KINDLINGS,” SAID HIS WIFE.
Page 89.



THE COMING WAR

- “THERE will be a war in Europe,
Thrones be rent and overturned,”
(“Go and fetch a pail of water,” said his wife).
“Nations shall go down in slaughter,
Ancient capitals be burned,”
(“Hurry up and split the kindlings,” said his wife).
“Cities wrapped in conflagration!
Nation decimating nation!
Chaos crashing through creation!”
(“Go along and feed the chickens,” said his wife).
- “And the war shall reach to Asia,
And the Orient be rent,”
(“When you going to pay the grocer?” says his wife).
“And the myrmidons of thunder
Shake the trembling continent,”
(“Hurry up and beat them carpets,” said his wife).
“Million myriads invading,
Rapine, rioting, and raiding,
Conquest, carnage, cannonading!”
(“Wish you’d come and stir this puddin’,” said his wife).

"Oh, it breaks my heart, this conflict
Of the Slav and Celt and Dane,"
("Bob has stubbed his rubber boots out," said his wife).

"Oh, the draggled Russian banners!
Oh, the chivalry of Spain!"
("We have got no more molasses," said his wife).
"See the marshalled millions led on
With no bloodless sod to tread on,
Gog and Magog! Armageddon!"
("Hurry up and get a yeast cake," said his wife).

"Oh, the grapple of the nations,
It is coming. Woe is me!"
("Did you know we're out of flour?" said his wife).
"Oh, the many-centuried empires
Overwhelmed in slaughter's sea!"
("Wish you'd go and put the cat out," said his wife).
"Death and dreadful dissolution
Wreak their awful execution,
Carnage, anarchy, confusion!"
("Let me have two cents for needles," said his wife).

"All my love goes out to Europe,
And my heart is torn and sad,"
("How can I keep house on nothing?" said his wife).
"O, the carnival of carnage,
O; the battle maelstrom mad!"
("Wish you'd battle for a living," said his wife).

“Down in smoke and blood and thunder,
While the stars look on in wonder,
Must these empires all go under?”
 (“Where’re we going to get our dinner?” said his
wife).

THE DEEP-DOWN THINGS

THE Deep-Down Things are strong and great,
Firm-fixed, unchangeable as fate,
Inevitable, inviolate,
The Deep-Down Things.

The truth endures. Men pass from youth,
Books, creeds, and systems suffer ruth;
Change has no dart can slay the truth —
The truth endures.

The Deep-Down Things! All winds that blow,
All seething tides that foam and flow
May smite, but cannot overthrow
The Deep-Down Things.

Some things abide. The law of change
That works its transformations strange
Hath yet a limit to its range —
Some things abide.

The Deep-Down Things! The years may kill
The things fore-doomed to death, but still
The Deep-Down Things can take no ill —
The Deep-Down Things.

The surge of years engulfs the land
And crumbles mountains into sand,
But yet the Deep-Down Things withstand
 The surge of years.

The Deep-Down Things! Let doctrines fly
Like flame-shafts blazoning the sky,
They cannot kill what cannot die —
 The Deep-Down Things.

Behind the years that waste and smite,
And topple empires into night,
God dwells unchanged in changeless light
 Behind the years.

The Deep-Down Things! Of little faith
Is he who fears they suffer scathe —
Impervious to the darts of death —
 The Deep-Down Things.

THE SONG OF THE WHEEL

MOUNT, mount the wheel, ye hollow chests,
Ye sallow broods, be brave;
Mount, mount the wheel, ye bloodless tribes,
And ride away from the grave.
Health, the strong goddess, swift of foot,
Dances her lawless reel
Down woodland roads, through dewy glens;
Go catch her on the wheel.
She flings her brown arms in the sun,
She climbs from height to height,
Her sportive glance is beckoning on;
Mount, mount, and share her flight.

Oh, ye desk-anchored men and maids,
This goddess holds aloof
From those who shun the arching sky
To seek the shingled roof.
She trips where bending alders shade
The road, dew-damp, at noon,
She strides along the fern-sweet glade
Beneath the August moon.
She waits for those who give her chase
Where bird-thronged arches peal;

Go, chase her down the winding roads,
And catch her on the wheel.

The foodless horse can travel far
And climb the arduous slope
From the Valley of the Shadow to
The Table Land of Hope.

The air-shod steed with soundless hoof
Leaps on with noiseless strides,
And gives new strength with every leap,
New life to him that rides.

Mount, mount the wheel, ye hollow chests,
Ye fallow broods, be brave;
Mount, mount the wheel, ye bloodless tribes,
And ride ye from the grave.

THE HIGHER PIONEERING

THE face of the earth is a wide stretch of ground,
And the best of the world is forever unfound;
And new worlds galore, in their solitude dumb,
Await the Columbus who never will come.
There are sights no one sees that await to be seen,
There are streamlets of silver and grottoes of green,
If you'll leave the high road -- houses, peoples, and
 goods,
And the main-travelled turnpikes, and take to the
 woods.

Oh, the highways were built for the idle and blind —
But I have an unexplored planet to find.
I must leave the worn road, I have no time to spare;
I have pioneer business to do everywhere.
There are oaks in yon forest no woodman has sought,
And their branches are loaded with apples of thought;
There are thick tangled arches that span lonely
 streams,
Whose creepers are bending with clusters of dreams.

I want some good stories; my life has shrunk dry;
Let me talk with the earth and commune with the
 sky;

Let me list to the song that the pine giants roar —
Ah, here's a new meter unheard heretofore.
The loud brook is babbling: I'll hush and draw
 near —
Ah, news from old Nature I'm lucky to hear!
As down the loud gorges its rapids are whirled
It sings of the health of the life of the world.

Let me go where my Beckoner bids me to stray —
I will travel no path and no road for a day;
I will leave, too, the highways thrown up for the
 mind —
Where the Beckoner calls me I travel resigned.
By the base of the mount and the shore of the stream
I will think no man's thought and will dream no
 man's dream;
But, in my wise freedom, I'll deem them as naught, —
And I'll dream my own dream and I'll think my own
 thought.

For why in these woods should I journey apart?
I go in these forests to find my own heart,
And leave the wide scramble for praise and for pelf
To hear the best things I can say to myself.
The footfalls of pavements are sweet to my ear
And the roar of the city is music to hear;
Let a man meet with men: but his life is not whole,
Till he goes in waste places and talks with his soul.

Rank vines, undiscovered, spring forth from its sod;
There are ungathered grapes in these Gardens of
God.

There are arbors of silence for souls to rejoice,
Where we take off our sandals and wait for the Voice.
There are rivers of healing well worthy of quest;
There are Mountains of Vision and Valleys of Rest;
I talk, in their silent serenities curled,
With the soul of my soul and the heart of the world.

TOIL'S SWEET CONTENT

THE Man of Questions paused and stood
Before the Man of Toil,
And asked, "Are you content, my man,
To dig here in the soil?
Do you not yearn for wealth and fame,
And this wide world to see?"
The Man of Toil still stirred the soil
And answered, "No, sir-ee!"

"Do you not yearn," the Questioner asked,
"To pluck life's higher fruits?"
"Oh, yes," said he, "I'd like, maybe,
Another pair of boots."
"And wouldn't you like a coat to match,
And pantaloons and hat;
And wouldn't you like to dress as well
As neighbor Jacob Pratt?"
"Why, I'd have duds as good as Jake,"
The Man of Toil replied;
"Why, I'd have clo'es as good as those
'Fore I'd be satisfied."

- "But if Jake ran for selectman
And nothing could defeat him,
How would it do, then, just for you
To step right in and beat him?"
- "First-class idee," the Man of Toil
Responded with delight;
"I think I'd make mince-meat of Jake
'Fore we got through the fight."
- "And then you'd settle down content?"
"Content? Of course! I swan!
A man's a hog who asks for more
W'en he's a sillickman."
- "But, sir, our Congress is corrupt
And needs a renovation;
Wouldn't you consent in such event
To take the nomination?"
- "Oh, yes, I'd take the job," said he.
The Questioner arched his eyes,
"Then don't you think the presidency
Would be about your size?
Now after Congress had been cleansed
Beyond a shade of doubt
I think you'd go — you would, I know —
And clean the White House out."
- "I'd take the job and do it brown,"
The Man of Toil replied;
"But you hoe corn from morn till night
And still are satisfied."

"Me satisfied! I guess that you
 Don't know me," he began —
 "Oh, yes, I do, I well know you
 You are the Average Man."

YOUR GIRL AND MY BOY

"WHAT we going to do
With your girl and my boy?
I dunno, do you?"

Says the widow Macroy.

"They want to get wed —
Well, I never," she said,
"Saw such foolish young things," —
Says the widow Macroy.

"The young simpleton souls,
Your girl and my boy,
They are blinder than moles,"
Says the widow Macroy.

"It is painfully plain
Love has made them insane;
They are crazy young loons,"
Says the widow Macroy.

"Make 'em husband and wife,
Your girl and my boy?
They know nothing of life,"
Says the widow Macroy.

"Let them start out alone?
Why, Mr. Mahone!
They need guidance and aid,"
Says the widow Macroy.

"Let *us* guide them," I say,
"My girl and your boy,
Let us wed the same day —"
"Ah!" says widow Macroy.
"We will show them the way
And will guide them. What say?"
"Seems a feasible plan,"
Says the widow Macroy.

A THANKSGIVING-DAY SONG

I'm thankful this Thanksgiving Day
That I am living, anyway.
And he's a mortal most forlorn
Who isn't thankful he is born;
For only think what I had missed
Had I not happened to exist!
 There are days of rain,
 And days of pain,
 And days of murk and strife;
But the luckiest day for a man, I say,
 Is the first day of his life.
I'm thankful this Thanksgiving Day
That I am living, anyway.

I'm thankful I am living here
Where I find everything so near;
So near is Nature's loaded shelf
I reach my hand and help myself.
It seems this old world was designed
To fit and satisfy my mind.
 This world I know
 Has much of woe,
 Has much of toil and sin,

But the luckiest world for the men of this world
Is the world they're living in.
I'm thankful I am living here
Where I find everything so near.

I'm thankful I am living now,
An apple on Time's highest bough;
For all the years have met decay
That fruit, like us, might grow to-day;
And so we apples ripen fast,
Fed by the dead and buried past.

These times are rife
With noise and strife,
And not devoid of sin,
But the luckiest times for the men of these times
Are the times they're living in.
I'm thankful I am living now,
An apple on Time's highest bough.

THE PERSEVERANCE OF JACOB BEAN

PERSEVERANCE! Perseverance! Persevere and persevere!

Be persistent! Be persistent, day by day and year by year;

Thus you'll rise from mists obscure; thus you'll build and make a name —

Perseverance! Perseverance! 'Tis the only road to fame.

I have tried it; I have got there; I have reached it.
Here is fame!

Universal recognition, simultaneous acclaim!

Thirty years I toiled obscure; forty, fifty, sixty years;
But unrecognized, unnoted, undiscerned among my peers.

But, still, I longed for glory; yet was glory never gained.

Seventy years I toiled for glory; still was glory unattained.

Perseverance! Perseverance! Persevere and persevere! —

Still I struggled on unnoticed, and I reached my eightieth year.

Yet I did not faint or waver; still my spirit was not
cowed;

And I reached my ninetieth birthday 'mid the unre-
garded crowd.

Perseverance! Perseverance! Persevere and perse-
vere! —

Fame she came and overtook me when I reached my
hundredth year.

On my centennial birthday all the region round about,
All the towns of Ridge and Hayville and of Pokum-
ville turned out;

And there were bands and banners and great speeches
on the green

That praised "Our Centenarian, our grand old
Jacob Bean!"

And they played "The Conquering Hero." "See,
the Conquering Hero comes!"

And they played with fifes and bugles, cornets, tam-
bourines, and drums;

And selectmen and ministers and Congressman
Leveen,

All praised "Our Centenarian, the grand old Jacob
Bean!"

And they raised me on a platform, and I made the
crowd a speech;

And I said: "Young men, behold me! take the lesson
that I teach.

Just one word, young men, I give you — Persevere
and persevere,
And you'll all gain recognition when you reach your
hundredth year!"

THE GROWTH OF THE CRITIC

I

He painted first a picture, but he made a wretched
daub of it,
And long he sought for further jobs — but got no
other job of it.

And then the man he tried to sing, but made a noisy
screech of it;
And every one who heard his voice ran off beyond
the reach of it.

And then he played the violin but made such wretched
mess of it
That all who heard his music wished sincerely there
was less of it.

And then he wrote a novel next, but made such
fearful bore of it,
That all who read to chapter two declared they wished
no more of it.

II

And now when he had tired of life, because of the
distress of it,
He was hired as a critic then and made a great suc-
cess of it.

III

And he told the gifted painter that his picture had no
life in it,
And with an ugly-looking stab he thrust his critic
knife in it.

He showed the great musician how his music had no
soul in it;
And he told the mighty poet that his metre had no
roll in it.

And he told the heavenly singer that his voice had no
uplift in it;
And he told the novel writer that his novel had no
gift in it.

IV

All bowed before the critic and they trembled at the
nod of him,
And knelt to his almightiness and made a little god
of him.

FROM BUTTE TO BOSTON

WHEN you go from Butte to Boston
What do you spy?
Oh, you spy the earth a-smoking
As if Vulcan did the stoking,
And you see the mountains clamber to the sky:
And the cavalcades of cattle graze upon the treeless
plain,
Where the belching engines thunder with the conti-
nent-leaping train;
And you see the Northern rivers flowing to the South-
ern seas,
And you see the Northern snow-peaks melting in the
Southern breeze.
When you go from Butte to Boston
What do you spy?
Oh, you spy a people growing
To a size beyond all knowing, —
And you hear the steps of greatness thunder by.

When you go from Butte to Boston
What do you spy?
Lakes that pulse with tide-like motion
Oceanic as the ocean

With their far-stretched waters mingling with the
sky.

And you sweep from peak to river on the leaping
continent-flyer

Through young cities great in power as old Babylon
and Tyre;

And you see an empire rising where the men are
more than things,

Where before a thousand summers there shall dwell
a billion kings

When you go from Butte to Boston

What do you spy?

Oh, you spy a growing greatness

Bursting from its incompleteness,

And a Phantom clothed in vastness floating by.

THE COSMIC WAY

THERE is influence shed from the far-off spheres,
 To mix with human clay;
And the cosmos wrought for a billion years
 To make me glad for a day.

And the stars were rained in a cosmic shower,
 And the suns from the night were whirled,
That my soul might float for a glorious hour
 In the wonders of the world.

THE SAVING SALT

I STOOD beside the open grave
Of one whose crimes were not a few,
A cross-grained man of shrivelled soul,
Resentful, base, untrue.

"And it is well he died," I said,
"'Tis good that this man lives no more;
The world is better now he's gone
Than it has been before."

But as they lowered him in the grave,
Beneath the sad, dark, cypress tree,
His little daughter sobbed and cried,
"My papa! — he was good to me!"

"This," said I, "puts him on the roll
Of men uplifted from the clod; —
This is the salt that saves his soul
And makes him clean with God."

A RAILROAD SONG

THE railroad is a thing of prose
To men whose hearts are prosy;
No rosiness is in the rose
To souls that are not rosy.
Ye men who have a love for things
Dynamic, modern, strong,
Hear ye the song the railroad sings,
Hear ye my railroad song.

Behold my strong steed, raven-hued,
My fire-colt — who shall bind him?
He leaps the lines of latitude
And flings the world behind him.
Through iron hills and peaceful downs
He sounds his thunder ditties;
The solitudes respond with towns
The plains reply with cities.

And where he goes the living dead
They feel the new life's hunger,
And with his fiery breath new-fed
The youngling world grows younger.

His fleeing laugh rings through the land,
As round the hills he doubles,
And from the silent seas of sand
The cities rise like bubbles.

He leaps with his ironic jeers
Where wrongs are old and crescent —
Those dark lands leap a thousand years
Into the living present.
The dumb serfs hear his iron screech,
Throw off their fettered sorrow,
And gain the gift of tongues and preach
The glad creeds of to-morrow.

Dance to new music, dormant brains,
Beat time to quicker playing,
Hear round the world the echoing strains
My thunder-colt is neighing.
Dance to his music, if you can,
Dance to his thunder revels —
The music of the march of man
To higher-lifted levels!

A LIFE

OUT from the Silence all unheard
He came into our noises. Then
He lived his day and spoke his word
And to the Silence passed again.

WHEN BENJY PLAYED THE FIDDLE

W'en Benjy played the fiddle an' we shashayed down
the middle,
I believe the angel choir took a rest an' shet up shop,
Thet their eyes with pleasure glistened an' they shet
up shop an' listened,
For w'en Benjy played the fiddle any angel oughter
stop;
They couldn' come in competition with ol' Benjy as
musician,
An' I know they stopped an' listened, as they tipped
their golden crowns,
W'en we shashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy
played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-
downs.

W'en Benjy played the fiddle an' we shashayed down
the middle,
All the stars thet sung in Eden tried the same ol'
tune ag'in,
An' ol' Jupiter an' Neptune an' the Handle Dipper
kep' tune,
An' all the planets kep' in step to his ol' violin.



I KNOW THEY STOPPED AN' LISTENED, W'EN WE SHASH-
AYED DOWN THE MIDDLE AN' OL' BENJY PLAYED THE
FIDDLE AT OUR OL' SHAKEDOWNS. — Page 118.

I believe the sollum fac's is that the worl' upon its
axis
Wobbled to the jolly jingle of that blessed fiddler's
soun's,
W'en we shashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy
played the fiddle
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-
downs.

W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle an' we shashayed
down the middle,
Though they said he warn't no artist yet he made
our pulses start,
An' no music chap who knows art, like ol' Mendleson
an' Mozart,
Ever set sich waltzes playin' in the dance hall of the
heart.
All our veins wuz set a-tingle to the music of his
jingle,
An' he jest made trippin' fairies out of us clodhopper
clowns,
W'en we shashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy
played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-
downs.

W'en Benjy played the fiddle an' we shashayed down
the middle,

An' I swung my smilin' Sally down the ol' plank
floor,
Then the glad ol' heart of Natur' beat in tune to its
Creator,
An' there warn't no sin nor sorrer, tears nor trouble,
any more.
Everythin' wuz full er vircher, an' ol' Nick himself
wouldn' hurt yer,
For he melted to repentance w'en he heerd them
music soun's,
W'en we shashayed down the middle an' ol' Benjy
played the fiddle,
W'en ol' Benjy played the fiddle at our ol' shake-
downs.

"IT"

"I DON'T want to play, if I've got to be 'It,'"
 And Bobby looked fiercely sublime;
 "There's no fun a bit when you have to be 'It,'
 And I have to be 'It' all the time."

Ah, Bobby, my brave one, go in and be "It";
 'Tis a fate that no soul can escape,
 For youngster and man of the whole human clan
 Are "It" in some manner or shape.

For fate plays at tag with the whole human race,
 And the shoulders of all men are hit,
 And all hear his cry as he "tags" and goes by,
 His clamor of "Tag! you are 'It'!"

And life-tag's a game that is well worth the play,
 And the strong soul is glad to be hit,
 And new light fills his eye when he hears his Fate cry
 Its challenge of "Tag! You are 'It'!"

So Bobby, my brave one, begin the long game,
 And don't sulk or grumble a bit,
 And count it all praise to the end of your days
 When you hear Fate exclaim, "You are 'It'!"

MY HOUSE IN THE AIR

I NOTICE the house that I build in the air,
With the architect Fancy to plan it,
With clapboards of clouds and with shingles of mist,
And with paint of aerial amethyst,
Stands better the shock of Time's rude wear and tear,
And is not so like to get out of repair
As my house with foundation of granite.

And though scoffers may jeer at my house in the air
With gibes that are glib and sarcastic,
Those hard-headed fellows of dollars and cents,
Whose whole life consists in collection of rents,
Have never yet been in my parlors up there,
And sat in my easy and dream-haunted chair
In the waving cloud turrets fantastic.

No mortgage, ye thrifty collectors of rents,
Can you clap on my cloud-bosomed mansion;
No real estate broker can enter its walls,
For the drawbridge comes up, and the portcullis falls;
Hence, ye vulgar profane, with your pride and pretence,
No welcome for you; so arise and go hence.
From this home of the soul's expansion!

Then stay with your ledgers, and cipher and plan,
And jeer at the house of my vision;
I, snugly ensconced in its vapory walls,
Or, walking entranced in its shadowy halls,
Can laugh in my turn at your ciphering clan,
That has made such a tragic distortion of man,
And hold your whole tribe in derision.

IF A MAN COULD BE BORN WHEN HE'S
OLD

If a man could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young,
The wisdom he'd gain and the lore he'd attain
Are not easily said or sung.
If I knew as much as my boy
Who is six times younger than I,
I'd have a sufficiency of general omniscience,
Be finished and ready to die.
So a man might drink deeper, I hold,
And force out truth's obstinate bung,
If he could be born when he's old,
And gradually grow young.

For the groping and ignorant man
In his darkness would count it a joy,
If he had the light, to enlighten his night,
Of the wise, luminiferous boy.
If he could grow younger and wise,
And develop from age into youth,
We'd be able to hold when we're thirteen years old
The substance and sum of all truth.

And the oceans of wisdom we'd hold
 Cannot be imagined or sung,
If a man could be born when he's old,
 And gradually grow young.

But a man is now born very young,
 And he gradually grows old,
And as his youth finishes his wisdom diminishes,
 And his ignorance grows manifold.
And so every year doth his wisdom decrease
 And his tight knowledge web is unstrung,
And no man can be sure he is not immature
 Unless he's exceedingly young, —
What sages the world might behold,
 What giants of brain and of tongue,
If a man could be born when he's old,
 And gradually grow young.

THE LAST OF A LINE

BACK in the sixteen sixties, there, did good Erastus
Glines

Cut down the beeches on that hill and clear that field
of pines;

And then his son Abinadab, in sixteen eighty-two,
Cleared off the forests from those hills and built a
roadway through.

His son Eugene dug out the stones and built these
walls you see,

And died when he was eighty-eight, in seventeen
sixty-three.

In ninety-two by his son John this old house was
begun,

And his son Peter built this barn in eighteen thirty-
one.

And I am Peter's son myself; in eighteen sixty-three
From a strong line of honest men this farm came
down to me.

And I set out that orchard there, and drained that
meadow ground.

And cut the thirty-acre lot and built a fence around.

See that old headstone over there! — Erastus sleeps
below —

The next one is Abinadab's — they both died long
ago.

And there's Eugene's, and next is John's, and Peter's
grave near by —

And soon there'll be another grave — it don't take
long to die.

And when I'm in that grave out there, I hoped a son
of mine

Would take the old farm once again and so keep up
the line,

And hand it on from son to son, as we did in the
past,

The young man take the old man's place as long as
time should last.

But these are days of stress and change and fast the
years are whirled,

The young man takes the old man's place no longer
in this world.

My boys will come when I am laid beneath the next
new stone —

And then go forth their various ways and leave us
here alone.

We'll sleep — the fathers of the land — after long
years of toil,

Where stranger footfalls press the turf of our ancestral
soil.

Erastus and Abinadab, Eugene, John, Peter, — I —
Will sleep here in the stranger's soil while the long
years go by.

Ah, well, God bless my boys! I say, wherever they
may be;

They're scattered up and down the world and on the
lonesome sea;

But I could wish the world might be the old world
of the past —

The young man take the old man's place as long as
time shall last.

WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO LIVE SALUTE
YOU

WE go to school; our teachers are
Trees, clouds and mountains, stream and star.
Our schoolroom is so very wide
It spreads from tableland to tide,
From earth unto the milky way —
And it is open every day.

And we are young and hope is high;
We raise no gladiatorial cry
Of, "We who are about to die
Salute you." For the world is fair
And many gifts has it to give; —
So hear our challenge everywhere
Of, "We who are about to live
Salute you!"

There's morning dew upon the grass
That smiles in sparkles as we pass,
The sunrise gilds the lifted crest
Of yon far mountain in the West;
And we are strong to travel far
From sunrise to the Evening Star.

Oh! ye far mountains rise sublime,
 Our days are in their earliest prime,
 And 'tis the work of youth to climb
 All mountains. Farther summits still
 The echo of our cry shall give,
 And roll from hill to sounding hill
 "We, we who are about to live
 Salute you!"

Good world, strong world, with work to do,
 Old world, lo! here is help for you.
 Deem not your strength is overworn
 With burdens heavy to be borne.
 Old world, thou art as strong and young
 As when the morning-stars first sung:
 Hear ye not voices like the sea,
 The surge of cries tumultuously
 Entreating, "Here am I — take me,
 Take me!" Take us and use our youth
 And heed the challenge that we give,
 As strong as life and brave as truth
 Of, "We who are about to live
 Salute you!"

THE EIGHTH DAY OF THE WEEK

ON the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of
the eighth day of the week,

On the twenty-fifth hour and the sixty-first minute,
we'll find all things that we seek.

They are there in the limbo of Lolipop land, a cloud
island resting in air,

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in the
Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist, in
the Valley of Overthere,

On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces
grand and fair;

And there is where our dreams will come true, and
the seeds of our Hope will grow,

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the
Hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the
Hamlet of Hocus Po,

We shall see all the things that we want to see and
know all we care to know;

For there the old men will never lament, and the babies
never will squeak,
In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the county
of Hideandgoseek.

In the Cross-road Corners of Chaosville, in the county
of Hideandgoseek,
On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of
the eighth day of the week,
We shall do all the things that we please to do, and
accomplish whatever we try,
On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by the
beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

HOW'S THE WORLD TO-DAY?

SING of Hindoos, Greeks, Iranians,
Basques, Etruscans, Jews;
Sing of Parthians, Medes — but tell me,
Tell me, what's the news?
Old and rude things, they were good things,
And the old years did their shrewd things
In a wise and shrewd old way;
Yes, but tell me just a few things.
What's the news, and what the new things?
How's the world to-day?

“How's the world now?” Better, better,
Growing sweet and strong,
Pulsing with a healthier purpose,
Working long and long,
Working new things, strong things, true things,
Reaching forth and far to do things
In a bold and strong new way;
Pausing not to weep and rue things.
Striving hard to do the due things, —
That's the world to-day.

Keep in step there while we're marching
To the new glad tune;
We have reached the clime of blossoms,
And the world's in June.
'Mid these light things, and these bright things —
Hope and courage are the right things —
Up, and on, and march away!
For the world is in its tune-time,
In the high tide of its June-time, —
That's the world to-day.

Glad with greatness, strong with power
And the will to do,
Fed with dreams and filled with music,
We make all things new.
Old and rude things, they were good things,
And the old years did their shrewd things
In a wise and shrewd old way.
Yes, but tell me just a few things,
What's the news and what the new things?
How's the world to-day?

A TOMB OF A PROPHET

I

THE exalted hero of my rime
Lived back in the abysm of time.

In those far days was none so wise,
So sound and sane beneath the skies;

And I am proud, you may divine,
Of this transcendent sage of mine;

For all the lore the young world prized
Within his brain was focalized;

In his distended skull was curled
The gathered wisdom of the world;

For all that earlier men had known
He learned himself and made his own

Until no more his wit could grow —
For he knew all there was to know.

II

This lore he taught his children then,
The wisest of the sons of men;

He taught it all, that they might be
As wise and full of lore as he;

And when he'd taught them, satisfied,
Serene, and full of years, he died.

III

His sons then builded him a tomb
To last until the day of doom,

And henceforth tried to learn no more
(For he had learned all truth before),

But spent their lives to laud his name
And spread and magnify his fame.

They taught their sons what he had taught,
The very letter of his thought,

And emphasized with zealous care
There was no other truth elsewhere:

And they transmitted all he knew,
There was no more that they could do,

There was no more to give beside,
And when they'd given this, they died,

And rested in the shadowed gloom
Around their father's towered tomb.

IV

Their sons in turn received this lore,
Just as their fathers had before,

And taught 'twas sin to add one new
Auxiliary thought thereto.

So thoughts were strangled at their birth
That should have lived and cheered the earth.

No flower of human thought could bloom
Whose roots sprang not from that old tomb;

So all their minds in one mould ran
Of just one mind of just one man:

And so they fed their children naught
But just the lore this father taught.

And so the shadow of his tomb
Did darken all their land with gloom.

V

And so one tribe, age after age,
Learned but one wisdom of one sage;

And far these feeble echoes spread,
The children of a Voice long dead;

They spread o'er many vales and hills,
A growing race of imbeciles;

A people mindless as their herds,
Babbling traditionary words;

Slight men and weak in heart and hand,
Weak men who tilled a blighted land, —

A land long blighted by the gloom
And shadow of an ancient tomb.

VI

And now a race of men came forth
From out the mountains of the North,

A race of rude, half-savage braves,
A race whose sires had dwelt in caves:

Down on this mindless nation came
With barbarous shouts, with sword and flame.

These men, whose sires had dwelt in caves,
Made our wise sage's children slaves;

And from the site where rose in gloom
Their great ancestor's ancient tomb

This conquering people razed each stone
And built their capitol thereon.

POEMS FOR OCCASIONS

THE SONG OF THE LIBRARY STAFF

(Read at the annual meeting of the American Library Association, Narragansett Pier, July 6, 1906.)

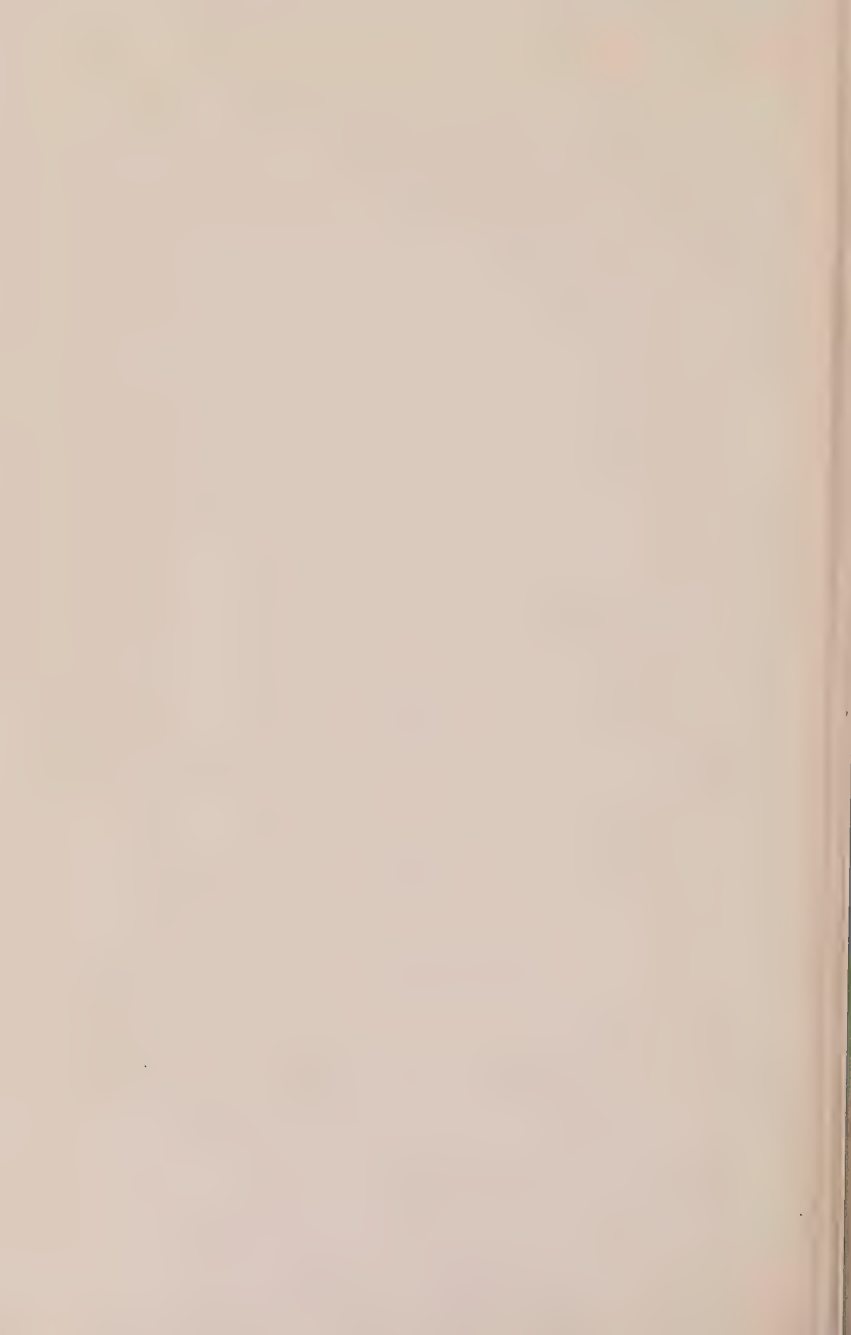
Oh, joy! to see the Library staff perpetually jogging,
And to see the Cataloguer in the act of cataloguing.
("Catalogs — Log-books for cattle," was the school-boy's definition, —
A statement not to be despised for insight and precision.)
Every language spoke at Babel in the books that pile
her table,
Every theme discussed since Adam — song or story,
fact or fable!
And she sweetly takes all knowledge for her province,
as did Bacon,
All the fruit that's dropped and mellowed since the
Knowledge tree was shaken,
All the ologies of the colleges, all the isms of the
schools,
All the unassorted knowledges she assort's by Cutter's
rules;



SEE THE REFERENCE LIBRA-
RIAN AND THE JOYS THAT
APPERTAIN TO HER.
Page 141.



SEE THE CATALOGUER IN THE
ACT OF CATALOGUING.
Page 140.



Or tags upon each author in large labels that are gluey
 Their place in Thought's great Pantheon in decimals
 of Dewey;

Oh, joy! to see the Library staff perpetually jogging,
 And to see the Cataloguer in the act of cataloguing.

See the Reference Librarian and the joys that appertain to her;

Who shall estimate the contents and the area of the
 brain to her?

See the people seeking wisdom from the four winds
 ever blown to her,

For they know there is no knowledge known to mortals
 but is known to her;

See this flower of perfect knowledge, blooming like
 a lush geranium,

All converging rays of wisdom focussed just beneath
 her cranium:

She is stuffed with erudition as you'd stuff a leather
 cushion,

And wisdom is her specialty — it's marketing her
 mission.

How they throng *to* her, all empty, grovelling in their
 insufficiency;

How they come *from* her, o'erflooded by the sea of her
 omniscience!

And they know she knows she knows things, — while
 she drips her learned theses

The percentage of illiteracy perceptibly decreases.

Ah, they know she knows she knows things, and her
look is education;
And to look at her is culture, and to know her is sal-
vation.

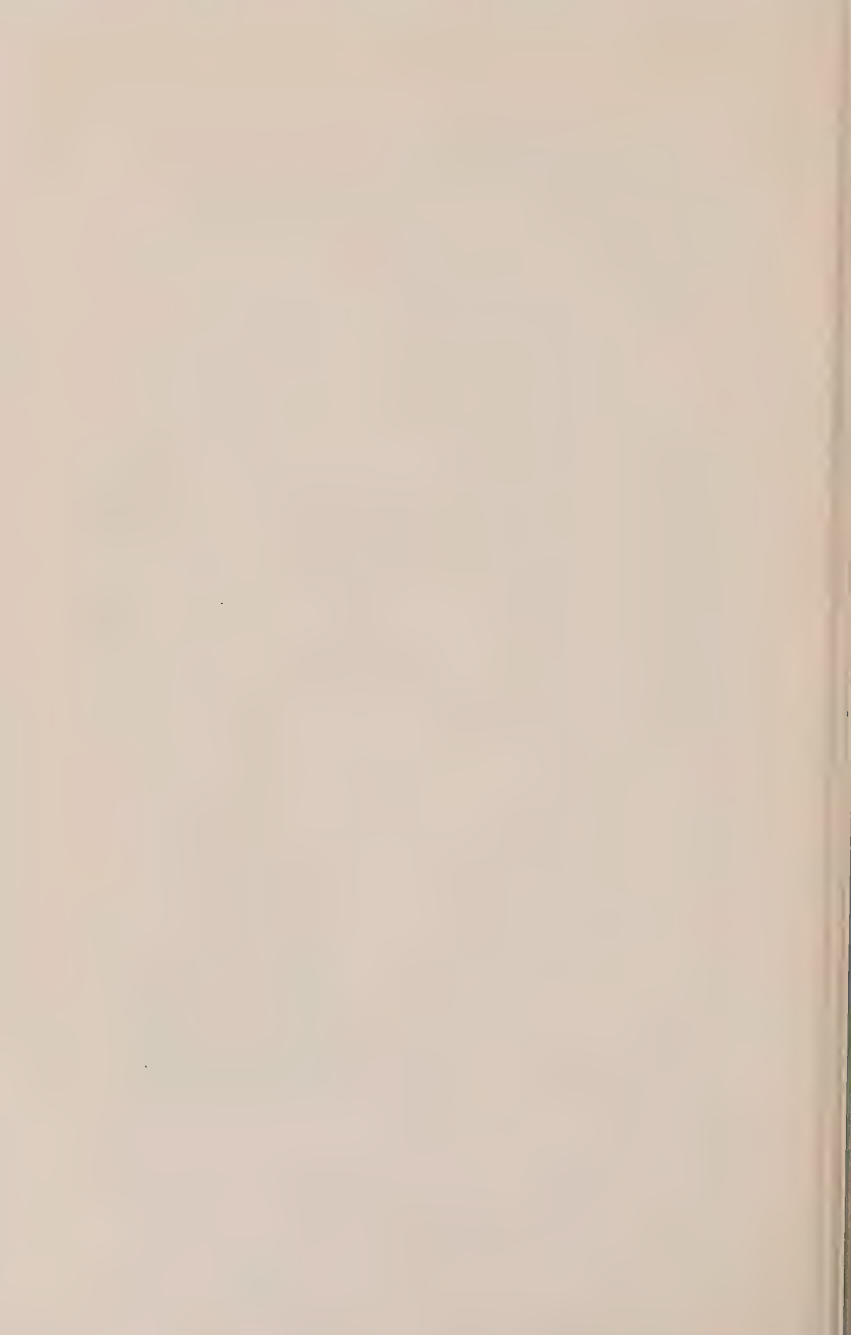
See the Children's gay Librarian! Oh, what boi-
sterous joys are hers
As she sits upon her whirl-stool, throned amid her
worshippers,
Guiding youngsters seeking wisdom through Thought's
misty morning light;
Separating Tom and Billy as they clinch in deadly
fight;
Giving lavatory treatment to the little hand that smears
With the soil of crusted strata laid by immemorial
years;
Teaching critical acumen to the youngsters munching
candy,
To whom books are all two classes — they are either
"bum" or "dandy";
Dealing out to Ruths and Susies, or to Toms and
Dicks and Harrys,
Books on Indians or Elsie, great big bears, or little
fairies;
For the Children's gay Librarian passes out with
equal pains
Books on Indians or Elsie, satisfying hungering brains;
Dealing Indians or Elsie, each according to his need,
Satisfying long, long longings for an intellectual feed.



SEE THE CHILDREN'S GAY
LIBRARIAN ! — *Page 142.*

SEE THE GLEEFUL DESK
ATTENDANT. — *Page 143.*





See the gleeful Desk Attendants ever dealing while
they can

The un-inspected canned beef of the intellect of man;
Dealing out the brains of sages and the poet's heart
divine

(Receiving for said poet's heart ofttimes a two-cent
fine);

Serene amid the tumult for new novels manifold, —
For new novels out this afternoon but thirty minutes
old; —

Calm and cool amid the tumult see the Desk Attend-
ant stand

With contentment on her features and a date-stamp
in her hand.

As they feed beasts at the circus to appease their
hungering rage,

So she throws this man a poet and she drops that man
a sage;

And her wild beasts growl in fury when they do not
like her meat, —

When the sage is tough and fibrous and the bard not
over-sweet;

And some retire in frenzy, lashing wrathfully about,
When the intellectual spare-rib that they most affect
is out.

But she feeds 'em, and she leads 'em, and beguiles
'em with sweet guile,

And wounds 'em with her two-cent fine and heals
'em with her smile.

Oh, the gleesome Desk Attendant — who shall estimate her glee?

Get some mightier bard to sing it — 'tis a theme too big for me!

Now, my Muse, prepare for business. Plume your wings for loftier flight

Through the circumambient ether to a superlunar height,

Then adown the empyrean from the heights where thou hast risen

Sing, O Muse! the Head Librarian and the joy that's her'n or his'n.

See him, see her, his or her head weighted with the lore of time,

Trying to expend a dollar when he only has a dime;
Tailoring appropriations — and how deftly he succeeds,

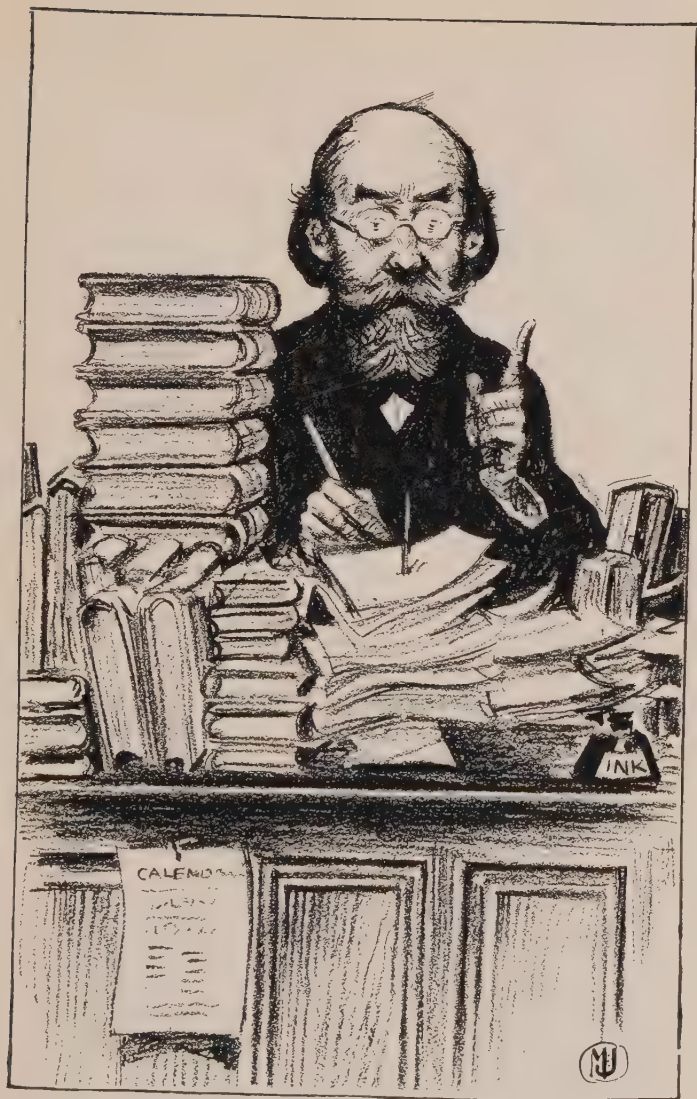
Fitting his poor thousand dollars to his million dollar needs.

How the glad book agents cheer him — and he cannot wish them fewer

With "their greatest work yet published since the dawn of literature."

And he knows another agent, champing restive to begin
With another work still greater, will immediately come in.

So perfection on perfection follows more and more sublime



SING, O MUSE! THE HEAD LIBRARIAN. — *Page 144.*



And the line keeps on forever down the avenues of
time —

So they travel on forever, stretching far beyond our ken,
Lifting demijohns of wisdom to the thirsty lips of men.

See him 'mid his myriad volumes listening to the
gladsome din

Of the loud vociferant public that no book is ever
"in";

And he hears the fierce taxpayer evermore lift up the
shout

That the book he needs forever is the book forever
"out."

How they rage, the numerous sinners, when he tries
to please the saints;

When he tries to please the sinners, hear the numerous
saints' complaints;

And some want a Bowdlered Hemans and an ex-
purgated Watts;

Some are shocked beyond expression at the sight of
naked thoughts,

And he smooths their fur the right way, and he
placates him or her,

And those who come to snarl and scratch remain
behind to purr.

Oh, the gamesome glad Librarian gushing with his
gurgling glee! —

Here I hand my resignation, — 'tis a theme too big
for me.

THE WORLD-CLEANERS

(Read at the Quarter-Century Christian Endeavor celebration
at Tremont Temple on February 14, 1907.)

WHEN the young men's faces glimmer with the sunrise
of a thought,
And the young men's morning fancies with the dew
of hope are pearled,
And there's music in the young men's hearts, there'll
be — as like as not —
Work to match our modern vastness and large
business in the world.

Here is youth, its brawn and beauty, stronger than all
youth before;
Here's the tough old world, unfinished, cluttered
with its wars and crimes.
Here, you muscular young fellows! here is enter-
prise galore;
Here's a job at planet-cleaning. Where are men
to fit the times?

Here is world-work for the young men. Marching
down the forward track,

Come all nations from the rising and the setting of
the sun;
And the yellow men, and brown men, and the white
men, and the black,
Step to the tune of brotherhood, and melt and fuse
in one.

From behind her veil of darkness, Mother Asia shows
her face,
Wrapt with dreamings, smit with visions, lifted
toward a far-off sky;
And the noisy West beholds her, standing in her pen-
sive grace,
While the stalwart generations and the loud years
thunder by.

And we know the calm old Mother, and our arms are
strong to aid;
And we see new empires looming from her min-
gling tribes and clans,
And new federations founded, not by bullet and by
blade, —
But by Godhood in our manhood, and the love that's
God's and man's.

Where the bloodhounds sniffed the slave-trail through
a thousand years of wrong,
In the Libyan lands of darkness, where the blood-
red rivers roll,

Shall be realms of gleeful children, lands of laughter
and of song,
Lover-founded federations, and republics of the
soul.

We will lead the wandering rivers through the solitudes
of sand,
And we'll build our new republics where the watered
deserts bloom;
From the strangling throats of bondmen we will tear
the tyrant's hand,
And give the prisoned thought of man a universe
of room.

And we'll praise our age of iron; and we'll sing our
song of steam;
And we'll belt the tides and lightnings; but the
purport of our plan —
The deep, eternal meaning of the dream within our
dream —
Is the empire universal of the brotherhood of man.

With the warp and woof of railroads do we mesh the
roaring land,
And across the sundering ocean shoot our shuttle-
cocks of steam;
And we talk of trade and commerce — but the wise
ones understand
There's a higher aim than barter in the purpose
of our scheme.

There's rhythm in the water-wheel that drives the
whirring loom;
There's music in the woodman's axe that clears
the tangled glen;
For foundries and for factories the willing world
makes room —
But souls are more than merchandise, and mills
are less than men.

So you play a larger music than the anthem of the
mills,
And you waft an ampler commerce than our bales
of golden fleece;
And like morning is the coming of your feet upon the
hills,
With your brotherhood of blessing and your sister-
hood of peace.

Loose the clenched fist of the foeman in the hand-
shake of the friend;
Change the war-screach of the vulture to the love-
lay of the dove;
Call the sullen sundered peoples, to the earth's re-
motest end,
Round the hearthstone of your welcome, and the
home-light of your love.

ODE

(Read at the Somerville memorial service to President
McKinley, October 13, 1901.)

LET us sing the song of a man,
A man who was made of the clay
And built of the stuff of to-day:
A man who came up from the throng,
Came up from the weak and was strong
And sweet as the breath of the hay.
Not the chief of a people we sing,
Nor the head of a caste or a clan,
But a kinglier man than a king —
Let us sing the Song of a Man.

Let us sing the Song of a Man.
One raised to a mighty estate
And crowned as the darling of fate,
Who was ever too good to be weak,
Who was never too high to be meek,
And was never too proud to be great.
A leader of men without pride,
Who loved not his place in the van,
But who led men and marched by their side —
Let us sing the Song of a Man.

The iron-faced captains of fate,
The strong sons of power who drill
And wrench the whole world to their will,
Who tread down opposers and climb
O'er the dead to the summits of time,
Till the earth, sick with battles, is still, —
Not of such was the man that we sing;
Yet we deem him as strong and as great
As was ever a blood-drunken king,
Or the iron-faced captains of fate.

He sent forth the thunders of war
Where the rights of mankind were denied;
He sent forth the Navies of Pride
To frighten the seas with their flame
And the isles with the fear of his name, —
This man who loved peace as a bride.
We followed the lead of the mild
As the lead of a calm-shining star,
When this man with the heart of a child
Sent forth all the thunders of war.

Let us sing the Song of a Soul
That was sent up too early to God,
And torn like a flower from the sod,
Torn up in its fulness of bloom,
In the height of its perfect perfume
As a weed is torn up from the clod.

But the soul does not die with the breath
But mounts, so we dream, to its goal, —
And his soul shines the brighter through death —
Let us sing the Song of a Soul.

Let us sing the Song of a Man.
The years and the centuries fly
And princes and presidents die;
And the years shall resound with the tones
Of the crashing of overturned thrones,
As the footsteps of doom thunder by.
But a man is more than a throne,
Is more than a king or a khan, —
Leave this man with his manhood alone, —
Let us sing the Song of a Man.

MONTANA

(Read during reading trip through Montana, 1907.)

MONTANA, the empire of vastness,
The mistress of mountain and plain,
From the heights of thy sky-piercing fastness,
From thy prairies that roll like the main; —
From thy prairies that heave like the ocean,
From thy mountains shall blow unconfined
The breath of new power and devotion,
And a new blast of hope for mankind.

Montana, the magic of morning,
The sunburst of dawn with its beams,
Gild the robe of thy maid-like adorning
That is woven of hopes and of dreams; —
Of hopes and of dreams of new races,
The dwellers by river and glen,
That shall gladden your desolate places
And match all your mountains with men.

Your mines with their wealth for the nations,
Your largess of fruits and of grains
Shall feed the unborn generations
That shall people your peaks and your plains;

They will come with the might of their millions,
They will come like the surge of the sea, —
Make ready thy gorgeous pavilions
To welcome these millions to be.

Montana, so realm-like thy regions,
So loud and so kindly thy call,
The ages may pour forth their legions
And thou wilt make homes for them all.
Be strong for the greatness before thee,
Th' imperial breadth of thy fate:
Through the strength of thy sons who adore thee
To the summit of greatness, be great.

Lands panting with pains and with pities,
Lands heavy with sighs and with groans,
Shall build in your valleys new cities
Forever unburdened by thrones;
From thy prairies that heave like the ocean,
From thy mountains shall blow unconfined
The breath of new power and devotion,
And a new blast of hope for mankind.

LINES

(Read at dinner given to Rear Admiral Merry at Young's Hotel,
Boston, November 1, 1902.)

I

BACK from the surge and the sweep of the sea,
Back from its storm and its strain;
Back through the voices of victory,
Back from the battles of Spain;
Back from the days that taught men to be great,
That hurled down a despot and built up a state;
Back from the years that were birth-years of fate, —
Back to his people again.

II

Back from the battle storm's withering breath,
(Back to the harbors of home,)
Back from the Gulf of the Grapple of Death
That cheapened the battles of Rome.
From the shores where he fought a new banner flies
free,
And the day-star of hope bids the old midnight flee,
And an island republic looms out of the sea,
A nation lifts out of the foam.

III

Beware, in the tumult of graspers and greeds,
Lest Honor be robbed of her bays:
Let the fighter of battles and doer of deeds
Still reap the renown of his days.
Let the captains come back from the battle-strown
sea,
From the grapple of navies that made a land free,
Come back through the Voices of Victory
To dwell with the Voices of Praise.

IV

Now that the work and the duty are o'er,
Now in his days of release,
Better the faith and the friends of the shore
Than the storm-beaten stretch of the seas.
Home from the days that taught Men to be great —
Dear to his people and loved of the state —
Home from the years that were birth-years of fate —
Home to a sunset of peace.

THE FLAG OF PROSPECT HILL

(Read at the dedication of the Prospect Hill Park, October 29,
1903.)

FULL many men must meet and mix
To form a nation. On this height,
On that first day of Seventy-Six,
A nation rose in sight.
And on this height stood men the peers
Of God's strong souls of all the years;

Time-tempered men from farm and shop,
The disciplined recruits of toil,
The fruitage and the chiefest crop
Of Freedom's sturdy soil.
A strong deed, in an hour of need,
Finds strong men equal to the deed.

"Who is this chieftain from the South,
Strong in his youth yet sternly sage?" —
"Fame placed her trumpet to her mouth
And blew his name to every age.
And still that blast blows on and on
That peals the name of Washington."

"What is that tall white shaft of pine?"

"That shaft, when many years have gone,
Shall be a nation's lifted sign

For centuries to look back upon;
To loom through perils, victories, fears,
A beacon for a thousand years."

"But see! there floats an unknown flag,
A flag unseen, unknown before:

Let England's might tear down the rag
That dares to flaunt upon this shore.

Aye, snatch the insolent shred away —
'Tis but the banner of a day!"

"Ah, no; by many breezes fanned,
That flag shall float o'er field and town,
And strong, ah, strong, must be the hand

That tears that lifted banner down.
Old thrones shall reel, old realms shall die,
But still that flag shall wave on high."

"But who are these plain ploughmen here,
These wielders of the axe and spade,
In awkward regimental gear

Drawn up in loose parade?"

"Why, these are empire-builders, man,
The greatest since the world began."

"Who are these cohorts from the wood?"

"They are the vanguard files of fate,
Proud men of red, imperial blood,
High, regal souls and great,
The children of a haughty name,
The sires of states and sons of fame."

"And here to-day breaks on this height
The sunburst of a nation's morn,
That unknown banner greets the light
That sees an empire born,
And these rude ranks that round us stand
Are fathers of a mighty land."

They flung their banner to the wind,
They flung it in the face of foes, —
And thus they published to mankind
That human nature grows,
And that a youngling state had grown
Too big for insults from a throne.

That flag now flies from many a height,
And waves its word from crag to crag,
Beyond the day, across the night, —
The sunrise and the sunset flag.
That flag is blown by every breeze,
Across the world and all its seas.

And as it waves from slope to slope,
From sea to sea, or far or near,
Ah, may it never shame the hope
Of those strong men who placed it here,
But be, on sea or shore unfurled,
The banner of the hope of the world.

LINES

(Written for the dedication of the Melrose, Mass., Carnegie Library, April 15, 1904.)

I

SWING wide your gates from day to day
 And cry to whom it may concern
 That Wisdom here is given away, —
 Come, hither, without price and learn.
 Here may be quaffed the long-pressed wine
 Of the ripe grapes of Learning's vine,
 And here is bread from that eternal wheat
 That ripened in the fields of thought — and he who
 will may eat.

II

Here find distilled since thought began —
 And given away as soon as sought —
 The essence of the thought of man,
 The vintage of the juice of thought.
 Here to the poorest child belong
 Old Plato's thought and Homer's song.
 And here for all great Newton's cosmic scheme
 And Chaucer's morning tales and Dante's star-wide
 dream.

III

Here is the rapture of all seers,
Here all the beauty that endures,
Here all the visions of all years, —
Reach forth your hand and they are yours.
Here take, without a price or fee,
The Soul of Shakespeare given free;
Here by the laurelled sons of fame be taught
And hold familiar parle with all the lords of thought.

IV

The cunning wizards of the mind
Here all their guarded secrets tell,
The necromancers of mankind
Are ranged in aisles of miracle.
Here stand, that all who will may see,
The vials of the alchemy
Of man's best dreams exhaled through ages long, —
The music of the eternal mind distilled in deathless
song.

V

'Tis fitting in these days of noise,
Here in these thunder years of steam,
The soul should keep its equipoise
And think its thought and dream its dream.

We scar the placid vales with mills,
We scoop the seas and shear the hills:
'Tis well that to these temples of the mind
The jangled soul can flee and leave the noise behind.

VI

Strong Mother of our modern days,
We love the fierceness of thy strife,
We gladly throng thy thunderous ways
Thrilled with their din — and call it life:
And nursed and cradled on the breast
Of this strong Mother of Unrest,
We love the tumult of the seething years
And all its iron noise is music in our ears.

VII

Still let the noiseful din outspread,
(These iron foot-falls of our fate,)
The years march on with thunderous tread —
But still they march toward something great.
We love the noise, the heat, the stress,
This life of strain and eagerness:
Strong with the milk that nursed us from the
breast,
Of our stern Mother Age — the Mother of Unrest.

VIII

But build these temples of the mind,
Amid the noises let them stand,
That in their silence we may find
A refuge in a roaring land.
Here where our noisy deeds are wrought
Build quiet shrines for noiseless thought;
And in the tumult of our clamorous zest
Build temples sacred to the mind where tired souls
may rest.

THE QUARTER-CENTURY GRADUATE

(Read at the annual banquet of Brown University undergraduates, Providence, R. I., April 13, 1907.)

Oh, the Quarter-Century graduate, — his light is
well-nigh hid, —
Too young to be a lion and too old to be a kid,
Too old to be a nice young man, too young to be a
sage,
He grovels in the darkness of his mediæval age.
From the east and west horizon equidistant stands he
there,
Between the baby's cradle and the grandpa's easy-
chair.
No one presumes to call him young, and he is overbold
Who, within a striking distance, rises up and calls
him old.

II

Ah, he started out to do things, what was there for
him to dread
With omniscience in his brain-pan and eternity
ahead?

And he fronted all the bigness of the universe alone
 With a corresponding bigness and perfection of his
 own.

And he said, "Go to! I'll do things; run the great
 world problems through

And demonstrate the man has come commensurate
 thereto.

Hitherto has History fizzled, — and the grizzly world
 repents, —

Just because the men it furnished were unequal to
 events.

Now bid th' august events come forth and range up
 mountain high.

Gaze and recognize your equal! Stand; salute me,
 here am I!"

And he said, "Go to! I'll do things," — and the
 great all-seeing sun

Looked down upon the swelled-up earth to see what
 would be done.

"Ay, I'll do things." Has he done them? Well —
 all boasting I despise —

And this is no fit occasion for a man to advertise.

III

As Michael and the Dragon fought and lunged with
 tooth and dart,

So the Young Man and the Old Man ever battle in
 his heart.

And the fiery onset shakes him with its turns of hope
and dole, —

The battleground of youth and age is in his trampled
soul.

The dreams he dreamed at morning are unrealized
in the day,

And the ghosts of unfulfilled designs throng round his
lengthening way;

From the meadow lands of morning, ah, the dew has
dried too soon,

And the sunrise of his promise melts into the after-
noon.

When he asks his heart the question, "Have I fitly
played my part?"

He hears the thunders of reproach in the silence of
his heart.

IV

Ah, but still there's time and purpose; let us dream
the dream again;

Still the cosmic sap is mounting — let us blossom into
men.

Men full-blooded, men strong-handed, braver battlers
than the boy,

Men with features seamed but shining with a deep
interior joy;

With the fixed, deep-down assurance that a life-in-
earnest brings

Of the ever upward reachings and the God-likeness
of things.

Through the swirl of scum and froth-foam that the
turbid times upthrow

Doth the deep world-cleansing ocean bide in quiet-
ness below.

So through years of sweat and scrimmage, days of
thunder and of scathe

In the strength that's bred of battle we have grasped
the larger faith;

So we'll dream the old dream over that there's work
for us to do,

And with Youth, by years unshaken, start to build
the world anew.

Here's our Mother Age, grimed, sordid, bowed by
her ignoble cares;

Front her, flout her, like young dreamers, while she
plies her small affairs.

Shame her as she stoops and staggers in her work
of no avail,

Turn her earth-bent vision starward, point her to the
upward trail.

WHERE'S THE BABY?

(Read at the annual celebration of Candia Club, Candia,
N. H., August 22, 1906.)

I

"WHERE'S the baby? Where's the baby?" Then
there comes a hullabaloo,
Pa and Ma and Tom and Sarah bustle round in great
ado,
Aunt and uncle and poor grandma hunt the big
house through and through,
And the twins lift up their voices in vociferous boo-hoo.
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" — and
there comes an awful scare —
Has he tumbled in the mill-pond? for he tumbles
everywhere;
Has he fallen in the cistern? for he falls in all he
sees;
Has the roly-poly roller rolled among the bumble
bees?
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" Has he
toddled towards the spring?
For he fumbles and he stumbles and he stubs to
everything;

For he fuddles and he waddles and he wallops all
about,
And when he's out he tumbles in, and when he's in,
falls out.
For he wants the stars for playthings and he's got
to have them soon;
And he falls into the mill-pond while he's reaching
for the moon.
And he chases the horizon, and he's got to have it
quick,
And while he's grabbing for the clouds he tumbles
in the "crick."
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" One of
you run up the hill,
One of you run down the lane there and explore the
cider mill;
Everybody run to find him. Bring him back at any
cost
What is half a million dollars if the baby should be
lost?
"Where's the baby? Where's the baby?" Off and
find out where he went —
For until we find the baby nothing else is worth a
cent.

II

"Where are my babies? Where are my babies?"
says the old Town every day,

“They have wandered off and left me, they have
travelled far away,
They have reached for the horizon, they have chased
the wandering fires
Off through many misty valleys, mazy glooms, and
treacherous mires,
They have chased alluring beacons, ever faring with-
out rest;
They have followed phantom voices calling on from
crest to crest.
Ah, my babies, have you reached them — suns of
fortune, stars of fame?
Golden rainbows of ambition that set all the heavens
aflake?
Have you found the happy islands? Have you
reached the halcyon seas?
Have you plucked the golden apples of some far
Hesperides?
Ah, my babies, leave your wanderings, weary quests
by land and sea;
Leave your phantom chase a season and come back
to mother’s knee.

III

We are your babies. We are your babies; and we
tire of the quest.
And we hear our mother calling and would fain come
home to rest;

For we too have snatched at rainbows and we've
struggled for the moon,
And we reached for the horizon and we hoped to get
it soon;
And we heard the old earth calling, wailing forth
between her sobs;
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants," — and we said
we'd take the jobs.
Little jobs at empire-building, overthrowing ancient
kings,
And rejuvenating Nature — and some other little
things.
Building up world-literatures, hurling ancient tyrants
down, —
Simple work for lively youngsters and for any boy
in town.
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants!" and we giants
answered "Here!"
We will fix your old world proper, we will get the
thing in gear;
We will regulate the nations; we will discipline its
kings;
We will make the old world over, and a lot of little
things.
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants! Animate the
dying years,
March the age to livelier music, like the music of the
spheres.
Where are the men with the Millennium, who will
bring it here to me?"

And we stood up in our shirt sleeves and each answered, "Here are we."

We will mould the generations, for we haven't much to do,

And revolutionize the age and do a thing or two;

We'll eliminate all sorrow when we're ready to begin,—

And some evening after supper, if you like, abolish sin.

"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants!" still we heard the old earth's cries,

"Jobs for giants?" We will take them. Wherefore further advertise?

IV

"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants,"— and we started out to do 'em,

But somehow had a touch of cramp whenever we got to 'em.

We'd have fixed the old world over — its presumptuous to doubt it, —

If we had not had the headache when we started in about it.

We'd have brought the glad Millennium — and we want it understood —

But 'twas heavy — we had chilblains — and the walking wasn't good.

Yes, we meant to bring it with us, this long-sought
Millennium,
But we had domestic burdens and the twins were
troublesome.
When we started on our world-splurge with a strong
determined will,
Why, some vulgar grocer met us with his vulgar little
bill;
Or some vulgar little tailor always stood there in the
way
With some vulgar little question of some vulgar little
"pay."
"Jobs for giants! Jobs for giants," but we giants
couldn't do 'em
We had so many family cares we never could get to
'em.

So we all come back to mother, loaded with our
undone deeds,
With our unthought thoughts unuttered, but with all
the same old needs; —
Same old needs for mother's mending, same old needs
for mother's food, —
And our mother's same old spanking possibly might
do us good.
So do we long-wandering babies from all regions on
the map
All come home again to mother and the good things
in her lap,

All come home again to mother from the land and
from the sea; —

And the world has no such goodies as we find at
mother's knee.

THE HALF-MAN AND THE WHOLE-MAN

(Read at the Woman Suffrage festival.)

No carpenter can build a man the way he saws a shelf;

The wisest way to make a man is — let him make himself.

The way to build a giant, and the surest way I know,
Is to drop him in the sunshine with this one commandment, — “Grow!”

The way to make a perfect race, the lords of sea and land,

Is to unloose its bibs and belts and tell it to expand.

The race down Fate’s great turnpike road has lurched
from side to side,

With one good arm strait-jacketed and one good
ankle tied;

And thus, through many sun-parched days and many
storm-drenched nights,

With all its chain-gang fetters on, has climbed to
starry heights;

And gazing down the vista of the journey that re-
mains

It asks no staff, no crutch, no help, but says, "Take off the chains!"

One man and woman make one man. Is either half denied

The fullest freedom of its rights? The whole man then is tied.

The race is fettered foot and wrist, a hampered chain-gang, when

'Tis bound by fractional half-laws enacted by half-men.

One man and woman make one man, with self-same rights to be —

Take off the half-man's shackles, then, and set the whole-man free.

To drain the moral Dismal Swamp and cleanse the social fen

We need the power of whole-laws enacted by whole-men.

The half-man since the years began has staggered towards the light

And climbed to many a table-land and many a star-kissed height;

But down the vistaed distance far are summits more sublime

And mantled peaks, beloved of heaven, which the whole-man shall climb.

The cosmic yeast is working; the centuries ripen
fast;

And strange new shapes are looming dim from out
the distant Vast;

Strange sunbursts on strange mountains, wide gleams
on many a sea. —

Let the whole-man march unfettered toward the
greatness yet to be;

Let him front the coming glories and the grandeurs
that remain

With feet ungyved and fetterless and hands without
a chain.

"JAMESTOWN"

(Read at Jamestown memorial exercises held at Somerville,
Mass., May 13, 1907.)

A VAST and lonely continent
Gazed on a lonely sea,
And bending high the lonely sky
Was cold with vacancy;
A weltering waste of breaking waves,
A wilderness untrod,
It seemed a world in darkness hurled
Beyond the sight of God.

II

They came, that small adventurous band,
Across the chartless seas;
Came driven by fate to build a state
To shame the centuries.
There in the woods beside the sea
The empire seed was sown,
That grew a state too proud and great
To tolerate a throne.

III

An untamed land to tame was theirs,
A cluttered world to sweep,
And cleanse and clear a hemisphere
Beyond the shipless deep.
To lift from out the darkened seas
A new-born world to light;
To lead the trails of a million sails
Across the Seas of Night.

IV

A land of kings where all are kings,
The Queenland of the West,
Looks back to-day to Jamestown Bay
As to her cradle nest.
Good men perchance and bad were they,
And weak and strong as we;
The plain mixed, tough imperial stuff
Of careless destiny.

V

They builded better than they knew
Beside the flowing James, —
And now no rust can overcrust
The iron of their fames.
For they were younglings of a land
Whose genius is to grow, —

To build, to break, to smite, to make,
To rear and overthrow.

VI

We build, we break, we smite, we make,
We rear and overthrow,
With that unrest that stung the breast,
Three hundred years ago.
With dauntless prows we breast the years
And mountain waves we climb;
We still are westward pioneers
Upon the Seas of Time.

VII

And larger shores loom through the mist
Than broke upon their view,
And there are stars shine on our spars
These seamen never knew.
Then hoist the anchor, let us sail,
For still the world is wide —
And empires wait, of kinglier state,
Beyond the outward tide.

VIII

New Jamestowns in the wilderness
Of the seas of our desire
Still lift and loom through beckoning gloom
With many a lordly spire.

The City of our Dreams recedes,
But we pursue the quest
For wider strands and lordlier lands,
In ports beyond the West.

IX

They taught the lesson — Test the new
And grapple the untried,
To launch your bark into the dark
And seek the further side.
The seas are wide and still we sail,
Taught by their faith sublime,
To whiter strands and lordlier lands
Across the Seas of Time.

POEMS ADDED IN 1911



BE STRONG

WHEN God gave the world to man,
 'Twas a waste new world and wild,
And weeds grew rank by the river's bank,
 And the wolf cub slew the child ;
And dragons swam through the slimy lakes
 That were foul with the upas breath ;
And loud was the hiss of the everglade snakes,
 And the swamp winds reeked with death ;
And man was tossed into the welter and wild ;
And God said to the trembler: "Be strong, my child."

And that word, "Be strong, my child,"
 Abode in his blood and brain ;
And he fought the snake of the slimy lake
 And the bull of the roaring plain ;
And he learned the secret of iron and fire,
 And built him homes in the snow ;
And he bade his wondering babes aspire,
 And taught his tribes to know ;
And the lion's whelp slunk away in the wild,
And shrank at the gaze of the wise man-child.

And God said: "Be strong, my child,
 And rule the wind and wave ;

And the lightning's power shall be thy dower,
And the cataract be thy slave;
And the continent-cleave where the river runs,
Go, bead with mills to the main;
And harness the forces that whirl the suns;
And build my world over again.
Lo, I've lifted you up from the snake and the sod
To labor with me and to build with God."

God says : "Be strong, my child;
Ye shall build my world anew;
But the deeds ye have done since your race begun
Are simple and feeble and few;
But the deeds ye shall do as your dreams expand
Ye are now too young to know,
But the little man-child that God leads by the
hand
Has a very long way to go;
And the seas may be strange, and the wastes may
be wild,
And the goal is afar; but be strong, my child."

THE CLUB

WHEN the storm-clouds burst asunder,
They reverberate with thunder,
 And when people break asunder there is dole;
But when people get together,
There's improvement in the weather,
 There's improvement in the climate of the soul.

You "can't bear 'em?" Better stand 'em,
Better go abreast than tandem,
 Better push and help each other through the rub;
There's improvement in the weather
When good women get together,
 When the women get together in the club.

Better far to mix and mingle
Than forever to trail single,
 Better far to intermingle with the rest;
For the soul that has no neighbor
Is foredoomed to lonely labor,
 And a weight of songless silence in his breast.

As you judge a piece of leather
By the way it holds together,

So we judge the social units by the way they cling
and rub.

Ah, there's better social weather

When the women get together,

When the women get together in the club !

THE HISTORIAN OF LOWER POKUMVILLE

HERODOTUS and Gibbon and Thucydides and Grote,
Macaulay, Froude, and Tacitus made histories of
note;

And Bancroft, Prescott, Parkman, Fiske — a long
illustrious line —

Their books were all precursors of this history of
mine;

They all have merit, more or less, and manifest some
skill, —

But have you read *my* "History of Lower Pokum-
ville"?

Herodotus is not exact and Gibbon's too verbose,
And Grote is too voluminous and Tacitus too close.
I've read with assiduity the volumes of Carlyle.
And though he has some faculty, I can't indorse his
style.

And old Josephus — well — he had a certain kind of
skill —

But have you read *my* "History of Lower Pokum-
ville"?

These men they had no proper themes. Of course
the Fall of Rome

Is no topic comprehensive whose interest strikes
home.

Who cares about Agricola? or the Conquest of Peru?

They have no human interest for men like me or you.

I have no feeling toward these men — they have my best good-will —

But have you read *my* "History of Lower Pokumville"?

Now do not misinterpret me and don't misapprehend;

My attitude toward all these men is friendly — I'm their friend.

No doubt they did the best they could within their narrow scope,

But we all know a tethered cow can't go beyond her rope.

Their themes confined and hampered them and circumscribed their skill —

But have you read *my* "History of Lower Pokumville"?

Now there is Motley — look at him! He wrote about the Dutch —

The people here in Pokumville have no regard for such.

A strange perversity of choice has somehow seemed to sway

All previous historians down to the present day.

Now do not misreport me, please, I wish the man no ill —

But have you read *my* "History of Lower Pokumville"?

There's Freeman's "Norman Conquest" now! See what a foolish scheme!

What a contracted mind he had to write on such a theme!

No doubt the book has made itself a certain cheap renown,

I bought it — but my copy is the only one in town. If Freeman he had had a theme he might have shown some skill —

But have you read *my* "History of Lower Pokumville"?

They had abilities — these men — a certain share of brain;

I would not minimize their gifts or call their labors vain;

They all were most industrious men and wrote prodigious reams,

But they mis-applied their powers upon non-essential themes.

Don't quote me as detracting from their industry or skill —

But go and read *my* "History of Lower Pokumville."

A CHILD'S PROGRESSIVE THEOLOGY

THE man was homely as a satyr,
And thrown together in a clatter.
His little girl, surpassing fair,
Stood, like a grace, beside him there.
So fair was she she looked indeed
A lovely flower beside a weed;
But gaunt and gawky-like was he,
As any mortal man may be.

"Say, pa, did God make you?" asked she.
"He did, my child, yes, God made me."
"Did God make me?" she asked again,
Her father tried to make it plain;
"Yes, God," he said, "makes great and small,
And God, my child, He made us all."

She then looked in the mirror there,
And saw her own self sweet and fair;
Then gazed upon her father's face
So lacking in all rounded grace.
"I fink that God has learned his trade
Much better," said the little maid,
"And does a better job, don't you,
Much better than he used to do?"

THE DETERIORATION OF ELDER BUNCE

Ol' Elder Bunce was great on sin; he understood
the thing;

He aimed at every sin that flies an' shot it on the
wing;

Soon as it ever left its bush an' flew into the air
The Elder up an' cocked his gun an' shot it then an'
there.

It used to do my ol' soul good; an' every Sabbath
day

I'd set there full of happiness to hear him bang away.
The only way to deal with sin is jest to peel yer eye,
Then watch until it shows its head, then knock the
thing sky-high.

Somehow the Elder couldn' hit me. He'd talk on
covetousness,

An' then ol' miser Batchelder jest wiggled in distress;
H'd talk on pride, an' ol' Marm French would wipe
her eyes an' cry,

An' I was one broad grin inside; "You've hit her
square," sez I.

But still the Elder couldn' hit me, as hard as he
could try;

He'd raise his rifle, take good aim, an' then he'd let
her fly;

My neighbors all came down in flocks. 'Twas good
to see it done —

The wounded sinners peppered there, shot by the
Elder's gun.

The way he hit backsliders, wow ! it did me good,
it did,

But course it didn' hit me at all who never had
backslid.

An' how he banged the hypocrites, Ted Cole an'
Ned Macrae,

An' Ebenezer Singleton — but never once hit me.

I used to like the Elder then, I thought he had good
sense.

"The penertration of that man," I said, "is just
immense."

But I've swapped hosses with him since, an' done
the job up slick —

For he knows no more of hosses than a cow knows
rifentick.

His hoss was sound in every way, of purty middlin'
speed ;

Mine was an ol' Canadian runt of an inferior breed ;
Blind in one eye an' balky too — lame in her off hind
foot —

He traded me his hoss for mine an' two young calves
to boot.

Nex' Sunday he stood up, the wretch ! an' read the
hymn an' prayed,
Then spoke on "Modern Wickedness of the Corrupt
Hoss-Trade."
It made me mad to hear the man, it made me mad
to feel
Our Elder in the holy desk should stand up there
an' squeal.

He used to be a man of sense, the best man of his
kind,
But now I think he's gettin' ol' an' sorter lost his
mind ;
He's sakerligious if he hain't a sinner, I declare —
A man who'll speak of hoss-trades in the holy house
of prayer !

THE COMING CENTURY

If the century gone, as the wise ones attest,
Exceeds all the centuries before it,
Then the century coming will better its best
And tower immeasurably o'er it.
And, if miracles now are coming to pass
Right here in your and my time,
Why, miracles then will be thicker than grass
And common as flies are in fly time.

We will send down our pipes to the Earth's burning
core

Where the smithy of Vulcan is quaking,
And the fires that make the volcanoes outpour
We will use for our johnny-cake baking.
And then we will bridle and harness the tide
And make the pulse beat of the ocean
Provide the propulsion when Baby shall ride
And keep his small carriage in motion.

We will hitch the East wind to the crank of our
churn

And make us a butter to "brag on";
By projecting a psychical impulse we'll turn
The wheels of a furniture wagon.
We'll make yellow squashes from nice yellow dirt
Scooped up from our pastures and beaches;

On Sahara some chemical compound we'll squirt,
And the sand will evolve into peaches.

And a hundred strong men by concentrating their will
Right straight to one point, like a plummet,
Will turn upside down a respectable hill
And spin it around on its summit.
Our buildings we'll build of solidified air
'Way up from the sill to the skylight,
With trimmings of brownstone surpassingly fair
Of solidified air of the twilight.

We will fly through the air from New York to the
Rhine,
Through Germany, Lower and Upper,
Stop off, if we like, in Geneva to dine
And come back to New York for our supper.
If we don't wish to fly we will throw our own thought,
Yes, each throw his thought to his sweetheart,
By a kind of a mental telepathy shot,
A method by which heart can meet heart.

We shall learn of the beings who people the stars
And add to the cosmical mirth, then,
By telling new jokes to the people of Mars
And hear them laugh back on the earth, then.
Ah, many trans-cosmic debates shall be whirled,
And long be the parleys between us;
One end of the dialogues fixed in this world,
And the other located in Venus.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

I'm thankful that the years are long —
 However long they be,
They still are laborers glad and strong
 That ever work for me.
This rose I cut with careless shears
 And wear and cast away,
The cosmos wrought a million years
 To make it mine a day.
This lily by the pasture bars
 Beneath the walnut tree,
Long ere the fire-mist formed in stars,
 Was on its way to me.

The laws of property are lax —
 My neighbor's farm is fine;
I'm thankful, though he pays the tax,
 The best of it is mine.
No sheriff's clutch can loose my grip
 On fields I have not sown,
Or shake my sense of ownership
 In things I do not own.
I'm thankful for my neighbor's wood,
 His orchard, lake, and lea;
For, while my eyes continue good,
 I own all I can see.

I'm thankful for this mighty age,
These days beyond compare,
When hope is such a heritage
And life a large affair.
We thank the gods for low and high,
Right, wrong (as well we may),
For all the wrong of days gone by
Works goodness for to-day.
Here on Time's table-land we pause
To thank on bended knee,
To thank the gods for all that was,
And is, and is to be.

I'm thankful for the glow and grace
And beauty of the Near,
The greatness of the Commonplace,
The glory of the Here.
I'm thankful for man's high emprise,
His stalwart strength of soul,
The long look of his skyward eyes
That sights a far-off goal.
And so I feel to thank and bless
Both things unknown and understood, —
And thank the stubborn thankfulness
That maketh all things good.

THE TRUMPETS

[This was Mr. Foss's last poem, and was written just before Christmas, 1910, when he thought he might have to submit to an operation. The end came February 26, 1911.]

THE trumpets were calling me over the hill,
And I was a boy and knew nothing of men;
But they filled all the vale with their clangorous
thrill,
And flooded the gloom of the glen.

"The trumpets," I cried, "Lo, they call from afar,
They are mingled with music of bugle and drum;
The trumpets, the trumpets are calling to war,
The trumpets are calling — I come."

The trumpets were calling me over the Range,
And I was a youth and was strong for the strife;
And I was full fain for the new and the strange,
And mad for the tumult of life.

And I heard the loud trumpets that blew for the
fray,
In the spell of their magic and madness was dumb;
And I said, "I will follow by night and by day,
The trumpets are calling — I come."

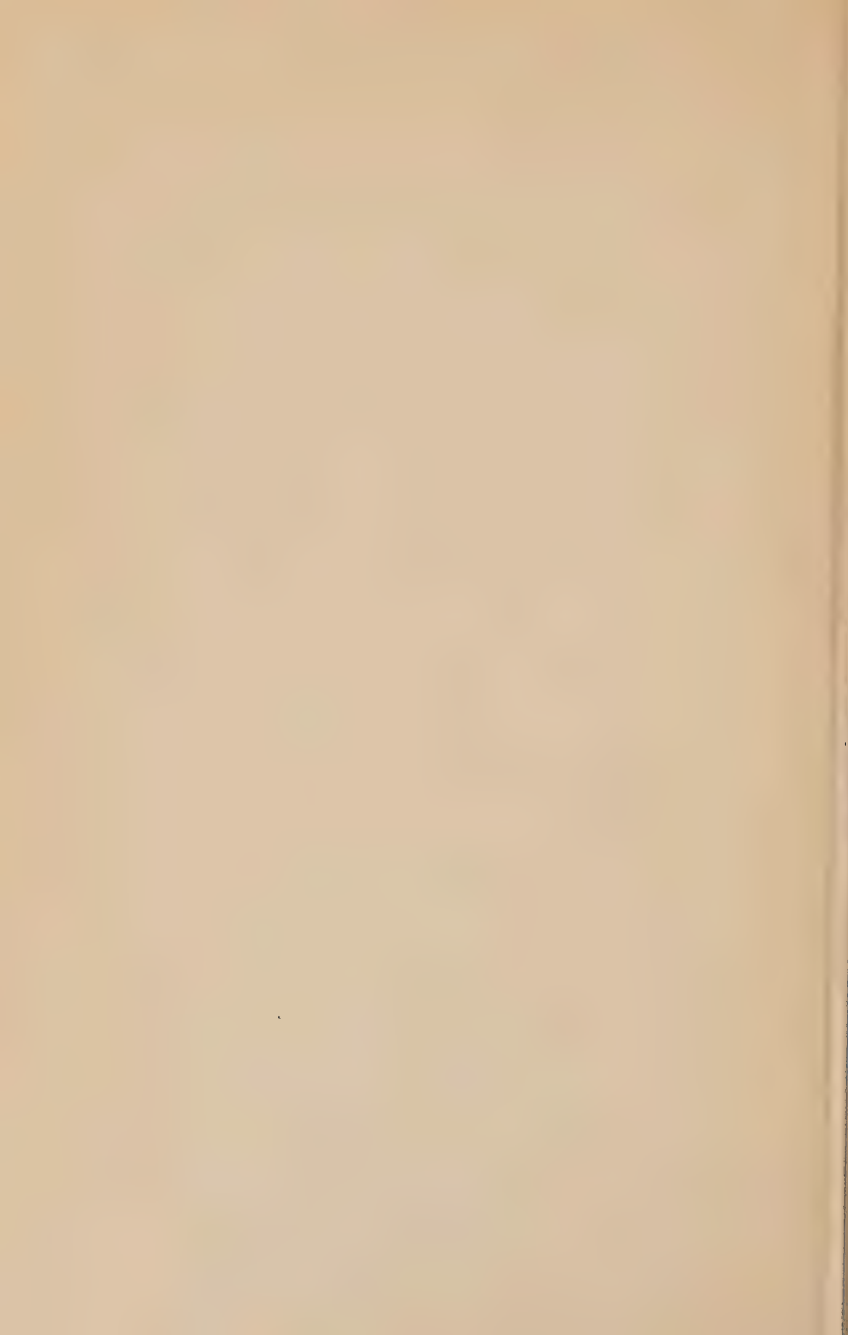
The trumpets were calling and I was a man,
And had faced the stern world and grown strong;
And the trumpets were calling far off, and I ran
Toward the blare of their mystical song.

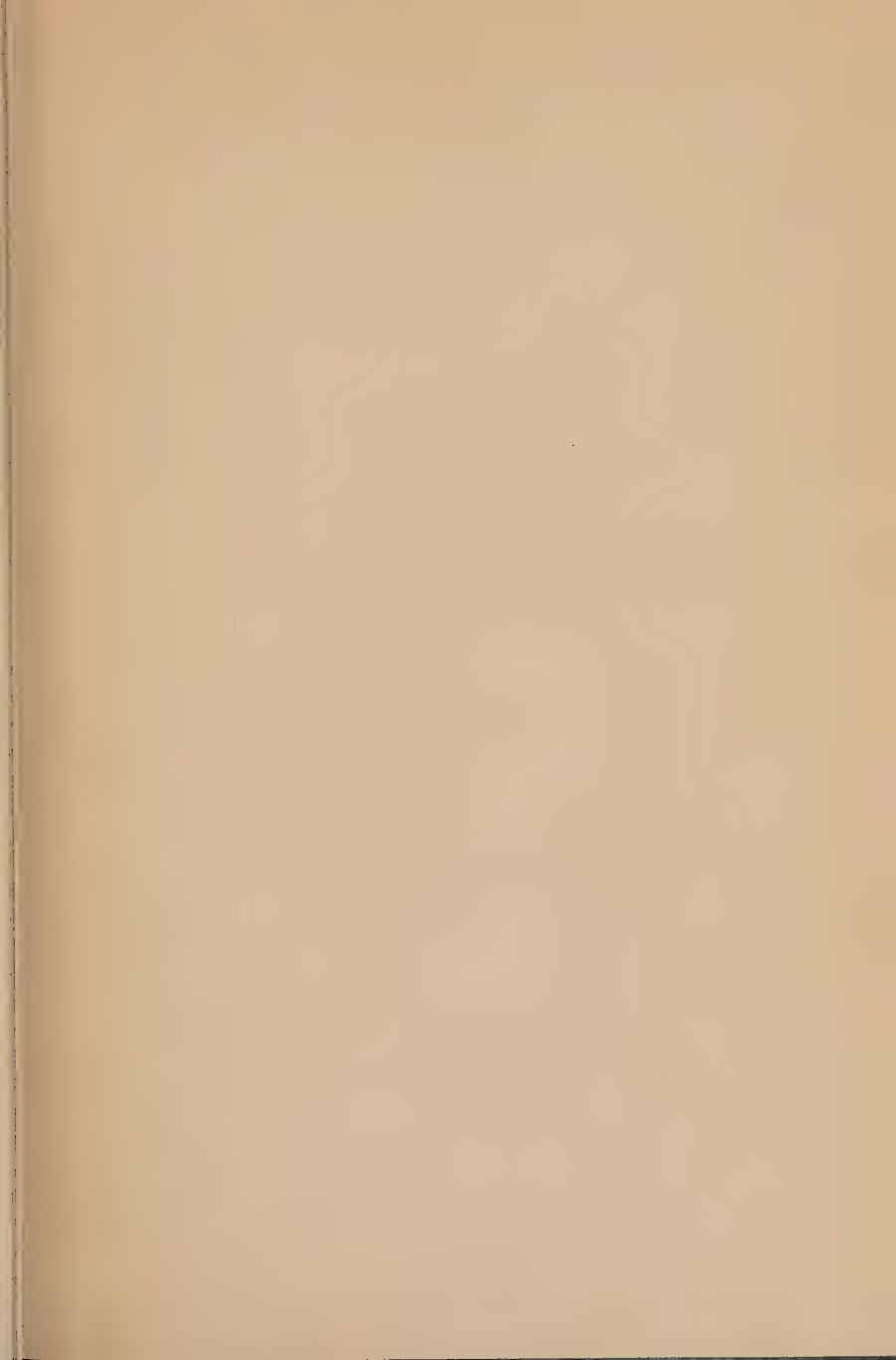
And they led me o'er mountains, 'neath alien skies,
All else but their music was dumb;
And I ran till I fell, and slept but to rise,
Lo, the trumpets are calling — I come.

The trumpets are calling, I've come to the sea,
But far out in the moon-lighted glow,
I still hear the trumpets, they're calling to me,
The trumpets are calling — I go.

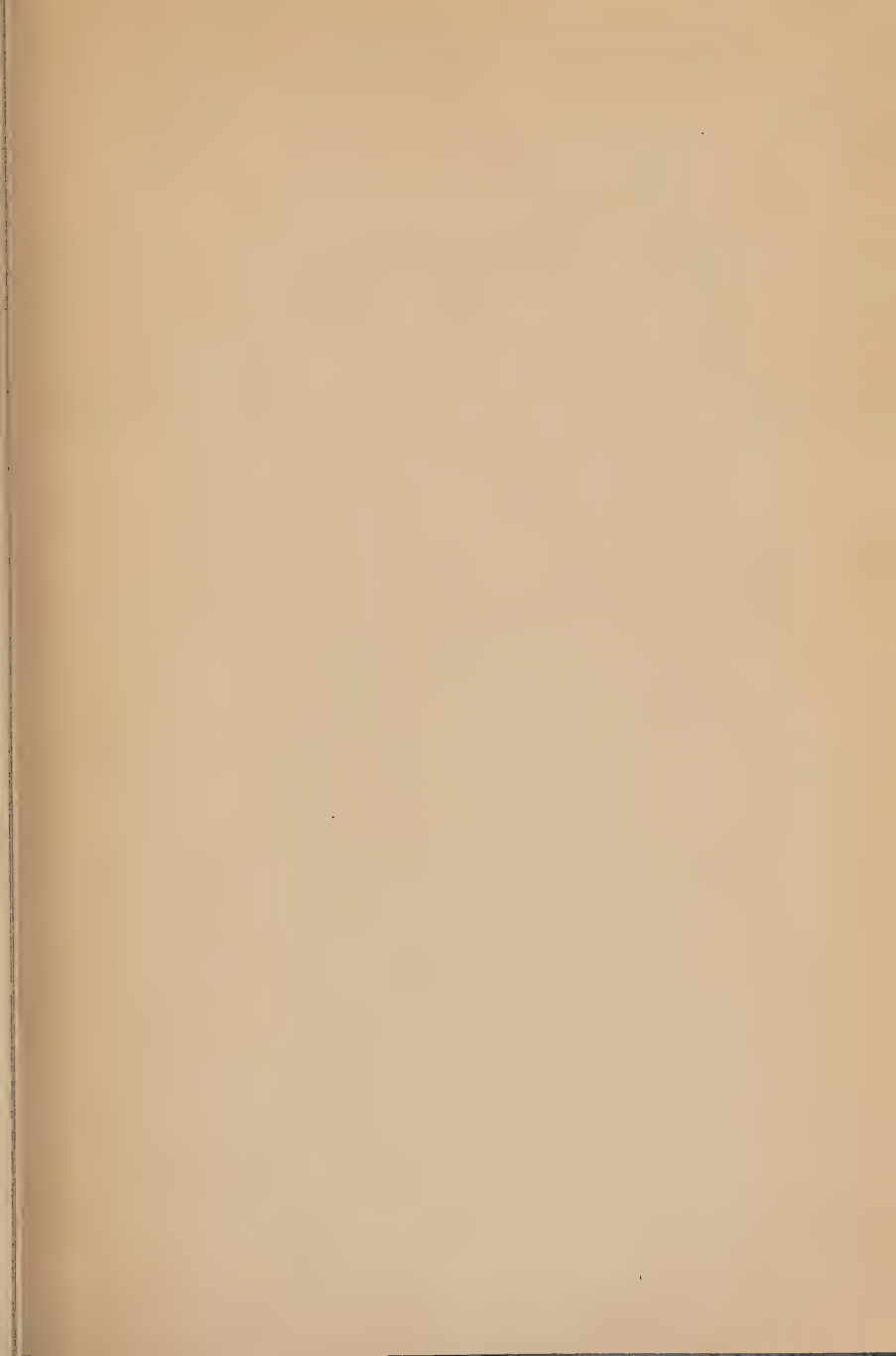
And lo, a strange boatman is here with his bark,
And he takes me and rows away, silent and dumb;
But my trumpets! my trumpets! they peal
through the dark,
The trumpets are calling — I come.













DATE DUE

Aug 6 '82 IL: 2725085

PS
1694

.F2
S6

Foss, Sam Walter.

Songs of the average
man.

PS
1694
.F2
S6

Songs of the average man
PS1694.F2S6



3 5033 0013 4815 0